THE COMMONWEAL

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A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

IT IS one of the misfortunes that attend discussions conducted in an atmosphere of theory that, whereas a dilemma only has two horns, casuistry literally bristles with points of interrogation. To have met one, or a hundred, and satisfactorily blunted them today is no guarantee that the principle which is being put on its defense will not find another, just as peremptory, confronting it tomorrow. There is practically no limit to the supposititious cases which can be framed by a determined advocate once the sound practice of confining evidence to cases of fact, which the law has had to insist upon to preserve its own reputation, has been abandoned in favor of the Socratic method.

Not only are these problems, in which conscience is intruded as the insoluble factor (the mathematical repeating decimal) desperately hard to express in terms which infer finality. From their very nature we may expect to see them laid under contribution again and again whenever the exigencies of special pleading call for them, without any hint that they are old or discredited. In an article written in The Commonweal many months ago,* one of these libels, which had reference to a wholly imaginary reservation in the attitude of Church to state in France, was examined and traced to its source in a rhetorical flight of the essayist Macaulay. The hope was expressed at the time that, if the ancient slander was ever revived, some notice at least might be taken of the fact that it bore upon its body traces of previous encounters with truth. The Open Letter to Governor Smith at the hand of Mr. Charles C. Marshall, was treated with what we venture to consider fitting detail in the last issue of this review. The purpose of the present article is not to add anything to this detail, but merely to suggest that Mr. Marshall's much advertised "open letter," respectable and moderate as it appeared in contrast with the charge against the Church in France, was, in one respect at least, no franker. Bluntly, the air it wore of posing an entirely fresh quandary, propounded now because it had hitherto been evaded by those most concerned in rebutting it, was not at all justified by the facts.

The credit of the discovery, to give credit where credit is due, does not belong to The Commonweal, or to any organ even remotely connected with the interests of the Catholic Church in America. It comes from the North American Review, a weighty and secular organ, dedicated, since the days of Henry Adams, to an expression of the views held by the more cultured

**On the Trail of a Lie, December 17, 1924.*

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element in Massachusetts and New England. Under the heading, A Cardinal Speaks for "Al" Smith, our contemporary reminds a forgetful public that all the questions raised by Mr. Marshall anent the position of Catholics in American politics, were "very fully and circumstantially answered" by the beloved Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore in its issue of March, 1909. "His leading article in that number," proceeds the North American editors, "could scarcely have been a more apt and effective reply to Mr. Marshall's letter, if it had been written after the latter's appearance."

To take up the points answered by Cardinal Gibbons, one by one, and to stress their positively amazing parallel with the heads of Mr. Marshall's letter, would require more space than we can devote to it, the more so as there is little doubt that means will be found to give fresh currency to this voice from one in whom, at times, America as well as Catholic America seemed to be incarnate. Two or three, however, seem to cry aloud for quotation.

No charge, for instance, was so plausibly advanced by Mr. Marshall as that the Church in America was merely letting its principle of a closely coöperating Church and state lie in abeyance, meantime allowing "state authorities for political reasons—that is, by favor and not by right—to tolerate other religious societies." Could "such favors," it was asked, "be accepted in place of rights by those owning the name of freemen?"

The sentiment (one admits it freely) is not Mr. Marshall's invention. It was, there can be no doubt, very much in the air that the wise old Cardinal of Baltimore breathed seventeen years ago. He met it then, quite simply and frankly, by pointing out that the Constitution of our fathers when it dissociated America from any concept of a state church, made a clean sweep of privilege, and settled the question of comparative degrees of "favor" at the same time and by the same instrument.

"They [Catholics]," wrote the Cardinal, "accept the Constitution without reserve, with no desire, as Catholics, to see it changed in any feature. . . . The separation of Church and state in this country seems to them the natural, inevitable and best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state. . . . No establishment of religion is being dreamed of here, of course, by anyone; but, were it to be attempted, it would meet with the united opposition of the Catholic people, priests, and prelates."

To the question of a possible clash in jurisdiction, which is as old as the history of any church which has not merely been a department of government, the Cardinal replies by reiterating the principle of independent functions, rooted, though contemporary idolaters of the supreme state seem to forget it, in natural quite as much as in ecclesiastical law.

"The Church," he told us, "holds that the civil government has divine authority, just as has the ecclesiastical; that the limits of each are fixed by the nature of its purpose . . . and that members of the Church are bound to obey the state within its own domain, in all things that do not contravene the moral law."

The old Cardinal never lacked courage. His courage, indeed, was the quality that most endeared him to his fellow-countrymen of all denominations. In adding this last phrase, he was well aware that he stood with one foot in that famous "twilight zone" of conscience, defined by Mr. Marshall as territory "in which it is impossible to determine to the satisfaction of both in which jurisdiction the matter lies." In expressing his conviction that never, from any act of a government to which every loyalty that was not due God was freely and lovingly rendered, would such a predicament arise, Cardinal Gibbons spoke words that ring strangely prophetic and which our neo-Erastians might well ponder when scrutinizing possibilities of conflict:

"There are forces, I know, that tend to paternalism and Caesarism in government; but true Americanism recognizes that these forces would bring disaster on American liberties. So long as these liberties, under which we have prospered, are preserved in their fulness, there is no danger of a collision between Church and state."

In re-reading the words of a man who passed years ago "beyond these voices," and comparing them with the note of mistrust and suspicion that is so prevalent today, it is impossible not to be afflicted with a little sadness. The thought of which Cardinal Gibbons was the spiritual heir was so brave in its essence! The founders of the republic, when they inaugurated the greatest experiment in democracy the world will ever know, took an immense draft upon the future. They knew (for they were men of philosophic thought, quite aware of the dualism of human nature) that the energies they were releasing would not be confined to the material sphere. Thanks to them, Americans, during the first century and a half of their history, have seen members of a body they were taught to consider the child of the state, spoiled or despoiled by turns, not only sharing in a vast material growth, but inevitably, as the very memories of disability faded away, acquiring the confident belief that no single part or parcel of their political inheritance as free Americans would be refused them. Today a crisis seems to be impending. Far more than the comparative credit or discredit of any religious communion among our citizenry depends on its just solution. Upon the day which decides that a Catholic citizen of the United States, possessing all the qualifications which the Constitution lays down, and commanding the unlimited respect of his own commonwealth among free states, is ineligible for the highest federal office because he is a Catholic, the American Constitution may still remain the least imperfect instrument of government in an admittedly imperfect world. But it will not, for any practical purpose, be the Constitution that the old Maryland Cardinal, who thought he knew it, died believing in and loving.

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WEEK BY WEEK

NOTHING decisive has happened in Mexico, but there are numerous indications of weakness in the Calles front. The official report that no agreement had been arrived at concerning the future position of the Church proves, at least, that a serious effort to reach a compromise was made. Important officials who remain aloof from the interests of religion—General Obregon is a prominent example—see that the cabal in power cannot hold the entire people at arm's length for very long. Meanwhile, general protests against governmental injustice have multiplied. El Universal denounced editorially "a situation which is little less than a reign of terror, and which is maintained under pretext of vigilance and the suppression of disorder." Undoubtedly also the campaign of propaganda has cost the Calles régime a great deal of money. Since not even an autocrat can summon coin of the realm out of nothing, the result must be a waste of national funds calamitous to a country so financially unstable as Mexico. The Catholic Church, winning its long, difficult but pacific struggle against oppression, will prove itself unmistakably the religion of popular choice and the greatest agency of spiritual and social culture in the land. A European thinker declared recently that the outstanding weakness of current political thought was its tendency to forget that, ultimately, it is Providence which rules history. The patience with which the Church in Mexico has submitted to the Divine Will cannot go unrewarded; and already there are signs that faith and charity have accomplished what belligerence could never achieve.

MEANWHILE, public opinion in the United States has learned a great deal about Mexico. Though it has remained unalterably opposed to war, considering that synonymous with the designs of imperialism in Latin America, it has gradually come round to the knowledge that Catholicism in the country from which Junipero Serra walked on foot toward his Californian missions is not a political party, not an aggrandizing corporation, but a spiritual society with a magnificent record of service and martyrdom. In short, the effect of the discussion has been to dissipate a great deal of misunderstanding, to silence calumniators, and to establish the fact that persecution is the real activity of Calles. This is an important gain, though it cannot be immediately weighed or measured. Surely none can overlook the value of words like these, included in Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico, Belgium and Chile, a book just published by Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, former United States Ambassador: "Christianity was a benevolent substitute for Aztec barbarism; and after the conquest the rule of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico was generally benevolent and uplifting. It founded and reared splendid mediaeval churches, established charitable organizations, places of refuge, and gave to the impoverished Indian population a primary education which it could obtain from no other source."

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES'S momentary outburst of bad manners anent American influence in China may be safely left to his own countrymen to correct. An exacerbated sensitiveness concerning Anglo-American relations and an instant resentment when anything threatens to disturb them is very much the order of the day in official and business Britain. To inquire how much is affection and how much policy would only be returning unmannerliness for unmannerliness. Examined in the cool blood that Americans can afford, the incident does not read very much like a "casus belli." It is probably true, as Sir Auckland remarks, that young Chinamen coming to this country to study, and mixing, as he is careful to note, with its "middle and lower classes," do not imbibe the enthusiasm that breaks out into oratorical periods at banquets given by class-conscious and race-conscious Pilgrims. It is quite evident that they carry back with them a sentiment that western life, as glimpsed in these United States, will be more helpful in solving their problems than the western life their own treaty-ports have shown them. If this be treason, we must let the tetchier Anglo-Saxons in both countries make the most of it. A sufficient rejoinder to Sir Auckland would be that, in the education of her own ambitious young East-Indians, Britain, till very lately, has had no little rivalry from younger nations to contend with. If mutual affection developed as a result of this long and unimpaired opportunity, the world has yet to hear of it. "Charity to all men—malice toward none" are the watchwords best suited to Anglo-American coöperation anywhere.

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THE Butler-Borah debate on prohibition, as it stirred Boston recently and is likely to be remembered in history, was really a G. O. P. house-party. The question at stake was not so much the general validity of the Eighteenth Amendment as the proper attitude of the Republican party in 1928. Shall there be a frank pronouncement on the subject—one way or another—or shall the party platform compromise gracefully with a phrase? It would be a grave impropriety on our part to suggest an answer. Obviously, Republicanism cannot identify itself with prohibition, several of its important leaders being frankly wet; and quite as obviously it cannot stand for change, some of its leaders being frankly dry. In so far as the debate envisaged the great issue of liquor legislation, however, it is significant and creative of public opinion. More open-air discussion is sure to follow, great names will be pitted against one another on many platforms, and the Eighteenth Amendment is going to creep out of its constitutional morgue. Then, when the time is ripe, the people of the United States will decide whether the law is to remain or whether it is to perish as all mistaken experiments do. Senator Borah's plea for twenty-five years in which to give the Eighteenth Amendment a fair trial is almost sure to be granted. It takes that long to overcome the peculiar resistance generated by constitutional action. After all, however, human nature is considerably surer and more dependable than any form of legislative enactment; and it seems to us that President Butler was quite right in resting his case upon that nature, which is hard to diagnose by statistics but which does prove nearly as constant as any other "nature." If only the very complex problem of drink morality had been settled becomingly in the first place, it would be vastly more exhilarating to regard Senator Borah's projected twenty-five years.

THE attempt to put into action the report of the Gaeltacht Commission is making for interesting developments in Ireland. This commission, under the chairmanship of General Mulcahy, was appointed to study the problems of the Irish-speaking districts and to make recommendations as to how the population can best be conserved in its native culture and its economic life. General Mulcahy's report, embodying no less than eighty recommendations, makes a bulky and informing document. It recommends the establishment of factories for the production of certain government supplies, the development of cottage industries, the development of the fisheries through better boats, to be supplied by the government on easy terms to the fishermen, and the creation of training colleges in the Irish-speaking districts so that an element that has Irish natively can be drawn upon for the staffing of the new bilingual schools. The problem of the Irish-speaking districts, as General Mulcahy's report shows, is grave as well as complex. These districts are being denuded by emigration; their economic condition has always been not only bad, but wretchedly bad, and their people are the remnants of the population condemned by Oliver Cromwell to "hell or Connacht."

OF COURSE, the recommendations made in the report mean a subsidy from an Irish government. Should Ireland make such a subsidy? On the one hand, she is bound to do so by ancient pieties and by the sentiment expressed by President Cosgrave in his letter to General Mulcahy, when he declared that the Saorstat government was the trustee of the national language. On the other hand, it is hardly the best way to keep Irish alive to let it be understood that men and women are to be paid for speaking it. Already there is a great deal too much paternalism in the management of these districts, which are also the congested districts—it is actually possible to find in them men who believe that the government should pay them for cultivating their own little fields! But Senator Gogarty's gibes in the Senate ill become an Irish Senator with a Celtic name. The talk of a Gaelic ascendency might be left to the readers of the Irish Times. And really it is time that the Senator learned that there is no meaning in his pet phrase, "A bronze age language for a bronze age mentality." Irish is no more a bronze age language than any other. According to the newest school of philologists, all languages are equally ancient and equally modern, and the work that any language does can be done equally well by any other.

CONSERVATIVE England is again "viewing with alarm." This time the national agitation is caused by fear that the government will carry out its announced intention of permitting women to vote at the age of twenty-one years instead of at thirty—thus enfranchising another 5,000,000 young women. This would put the men in a minority in most of the constituencies in Great Britain. True, the proposal is not new; both Liberal and Labour parties have long advocated equality in voting age for men and women, and three years ago Premier Baldwin announced that the Conservatives also favored the change. But now, when the women are pressing for fulfilment of the promises, fear stalks from Land's End to John O'Groats. Says Samuel Samuel, M.P., with deep solemnity: "What does the young woman of twenty-one know about politics or voting, or what is good for the country?" To which it might be expected that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, heroine of many a hairpin-strewn battlefield on which the "votes for women" banners were planted a little farther in advance, might be expected to retort: "She knows at least as much as the young flanneled fools at the wickets and the muddied oafs in the goals whom you send to the polls at twenty-one." But Mrs. Pankhurst says nothing of the kind. She also is controlled by the fear complex when brought face to face with something that has never been done before, and remarks sententiously that "to extend the franchise to

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girls of twenty-one is a very serious step to take." Small wonder that there is talk of "a grave cabinet crisis," and much searching of masculine hearts.

THE American Hebrew announces the formation of what it terms the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding. Of the nine men selected three are Catholics—Reverend Francis P. Duffy, Honorable Martin Conboy, and Honorable Victor J. Dowling. The other six represent Hebrew and Protestant groups. These men have for their purpose, declares the announcement, the making of opinion. "When the commission has investigated painstakingly, when it has spoken after careful and unbiased deliberation, the whole nation will listen and accept its pronouncement as the enlightened voice of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish population, on the ground of American humanity." Neither politics nor new movements are to engage the attention of this new body. But when ideas calculated to inflame the people of the United States against some one of the religious groups concerned, when bogies like the Knights of Columbus oath or the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" stalk abroad, the commission—being representative of all groups—can examine the matter and express an opinion with authority and persuasiveness. Certainly the new organization has a place in this age of publicity. It can help greatly to promote "better understanding." Of course, it would prove much more effective if it were supplemented by local community organizations of the same kind. Prejudice is generally a "home town" rather than a national affair. Incidents like that which forms part of the recent history of Dayton, Ohio, where a large library is to be erected at the Catholic University of Dayton through the generosity of Mr. Victor Emanuel, a Jewish alumnus, do very much to dissipate local prejudice and to destroy barbaric animosities. They need the addition of opinion-forming agencies, however, and the commission is a step in the right direction impressively taken.

WHILE the echoes of the Beethoven centenary are dying away, it is perhaps not too late for a word upon the great master's religious belief, evidenced not only by his devout death, but throughout his sad and laborious life. Preaching at the solemn memorial Mass in his honor held at Notre Dame, Paris, on March 17, Père Lhande, the celebrated Catholic orator, recalled the greeting of the dying composer to the priest bringing him the viaticum: "Monsieur le curé, you bring me consolation!" as well as the two phrases written in the margin of the Missa Solemnis: "It came from the heart . . . may it reach the heart!" "We must pray—and pray again!"; and his last recorded words: "I can hear bells." "We priests," concluded Père Lhande, "who are God's witnesses on earth, know that to great sufferers on the point of death, God sometimes reveals perspectives where eternity impinges upon time. Whence did the sound of those bells come? . . . From the blue plains of his ancestral Flanders? From the steeple of the church at Bonn where Ludwig was organist at thirteen years of age? Perhaps. But maybe they did not come from the melancholy past at all. Maybe they rang in that future of which God Himself is the Architect and Master."

THE recent death of Monsignor Moyes, after a long illness, deprives the Church of a very distinguished writer who will be much missed on account of his erudition and his facile pen. An Irishman, born in Scotland but reared near Coleraine, he obtained his clerical education in France and Rome. His original place of work was in Salford (which is the Catholic diocese of Manchester) where Bishop—afterward Cardinal—Vaughan came in contact with him. When the future Cardinal moved to Westminster, Moyes accompanied him and ever afterward was attached to the Cathedral establishment. The Dublin Review at that time belonged to the Cardinal, and Moyes edited it with much ability for ten years. His great learning led to his appointment in 1895 to the Papal Commission on Anglican Orders, which was destined to come to so momentous a decision. Beyond all this, Monsignor Moyes was the author of numerous articles, signed and also, as was generally believed, unsigned, in the Tablet, on theological and inter-creedal questions. In manner, he was reserved, one might almost say ultra-English; but when his shyness wore off, he was always found to be a delightful companion with a vast well of information that was ever open for any man's bucket to dip hopefully into.

THE long-expected American opera company seems to have come into being in Rochester, New York. A few months ago it was still possible to take with relative cynicism the news that prima donnas and bassos of stellar magnitude were graduating from the Eastman School of Music and would bow to the public. Now, however, after a row of performances in New York City, one must speak of these young and ably schooled artists seriously no less than optimistically. Their company is not merely "hoping to be something some day." It is full-grown, technically competent and genuinely enthusiastic. No one would, of course, expect to hear voices as glorious as the best of those recruited from the whole world by such institutions as the Metropolitan Opera Company. But it is not too much to say that the new company is fully equal to any of the traveling groups which cater to the musical needs of smaller cities. In fact, the spirit of its ensemble singing is a very rare and beautiful thing. Perhaps one should avoid concluding banally that America has now "come of age" artistically. But a very helpful point can be made—the point that, granted support such as that which, for centuries, has helped to develop European creative endeavor, enough gifted persons exist in the United States to give creditable native ex-

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pression to beauty and ideas. The new opera company is able to carry on because it is good; but the generosity of Mr. George Eastman made it possible. The example invites judicious imitation.

THE appearance of an article in Scientia on Francesco Redi, whose tercentenary occurred last year, is a reminder of a man whose name should never be forgotten by Catholics. He was a pioneer in a subject of the very first importance. For centuries, belief in spontaneous generation—that is, the doctrine that living things came from dead matter—had been universal. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was the first to throw doubt on this theory; but Redi, an Italian, a poet and a physician, knocked the bottom out of one of the leading arguments in the seventeenth century. He showed that maggots, which had been a staple argument for spontaneous generation, would not appear if meat were protected by gauze. This laid the first foundation-stone of the future series of experiments: isolate! A century later, in the controversy on the subject between two Catholic priests, Tuberville Needham and Lazzaro Spallanzani, the latter added the second foundation-stone, namely, sterilize! Yet another hundred years, and the controversy between Pouchet and Pasteur settled the matter as far as a negative can be settled. The scientific world is agreed today that there is no evidence for spontaneous generation. Pasteur's method may be summed up in the two words, sterilize and isolate. The whole of the canning industry and the whole of aseptic surgery depend on these fundamental directions which, traced back, are a legacy from Francesco Redi; so there is good reason for holding his name in esteem. Another matter of interest may be mentioned here. There have been two unsuccessful attempts since Pasteur to upset his findings, one by Dr. Charlton Bastian, the other by Mr. Butler Burke. Seven names thus appear in this recital. Six of them are names of Catholics. It seems a little difficult to reconcile these facts with the popular doctrine of the enmity that is alleged to exist between science and the children of the Catholic Church.

THE change which has removed Miss Helen Walker from a busy desk in this office to her new life as Mrs. Dominique Homan, in so far as it points to her own future happiness, must elicit hearty rejoicing from us all. But it leaves us with the realization that we are bound to surrender the services of a singularly energetic and highly endowed young woman. Whether or not the typography of our paper, over which she presided as faithfully as ever Portia did over the prophetic caskets, can survive the strain; whether the Quiet Corner capers, which were for the most part her doing, can keep their agility and truly feminine pertness; whether the innumerable aspiring poets to whom she sent personal missives of encouragement will have to go without their graceful little bouquets of praise—all this remains to be seen. Miss Walker, who came from varied journalistic enterprises to The Commonweal at the very moment when its first issue was being sent to the printer, will always keep her place in the history of the magazine; and we do not doubt that she will be just as important and quite as agreeable in the future she is to help make. Meanwhile, one comfort we take is derived from the fact that Miss Mary Kolars has been added to the editorial staff. Years of service in education, a great deal of varied and brilliant work for the better New York periodicals, have earned for her genuine recognition. We feel that The Commonweal may see in her coming another sign that its hope to develop an organ for the expression of intelligent Catholic opinion is being fulfilled.

FOR THE NEWTON CENTENARY

"THE whole development of our ideas concerning natural phenomena," writes Albert Einstein in the Manchester Guardian, "may be conceived as an organic development of Isaac Newton's thought." Such a tribute on the occasion of the second centenary of the death of the great English discoverer is sufficient warrant for pausing to think about the man. There are, however, other reasons why we need to remember him just now. The scientist is concerned with Newton's practical and theoretical discoveries. He is interested in seeing to what an extent his hypothesis of gravitation has stood time's test, and in going over again the ground Newton covered in his Optics. Professor Einstein, for instance, compares the Newtonian idea of motion with later concepts formulated in the wake of electrical discoveries.

The layman, however, may well consider what the "most imaginative of all Englishmen" (as some have termed Newton) thought about life as a whole. Was he to any extent the prototype or herald of that negative attitude toward spiritual life which has been so widely termed scientific? As a matter of fact, there are many reasons why he might have been driven into such an attitude by environment. The disposition of all "naturalists" from Francis Bacon onward had been to assume that the verities of religion deserved to be credited, at the most, because they were "incredible." Newton's own time was starred by a wide variety of emancipations. But, in company with Leibnitz, who was his contemporary and almost his opponent, he rises above his era as one who discerned the Divine Spirit in all the manifestations of nature.

Newton's "proof" for the existence of God, outlined primarily in his Letters to Doctor Bentley, is based chiefly upon a reasoned consideration of the law he himself had discovered. See this in relation to the complex world of stars, he said, and you will realize that "the diurnal rotations of the planets could not be derived from gravity, but required a Divine Arm to

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impress them." The marvelous way in which the universe obeys mechanical principle could not, he thought, be viewed as anything but a "creation"—that is, the product of Infinite Intelligence. Kant later criticized the argument as proving, at best, the existence of a Divine Designer. Newton might have replied, if he had lived long enough, that it would be strange logic to assume that an Intelligence having an infinite power to design could not create.

The argument, however, interests us of the present, not because it is perfect or imperfect, but because it testifies to that awakening of the "natural human conscience" which so frequently accompanies the discovery or the vision of cosmic principle. In our own time it is plain that agnosticism no longer derives from science, which is vigorously repudiating all monism as well as emphasizing the prevalence of intelligent design, but from varied criticisms of knowledge. It may be that the coming generation will recognize in Isaac Newton not merely the man who, in Professor Einstein's words, "pointed out, as none before or after him did, the path of western thought, research and practical construction," but also as the scientist who conserved, over and above the venturesome ideas he projected into the universe, that familiarity with the Presiding Spirit which alone guarantees the greatness and sanity of mankind.

CHICAGO TOUCHES BOTTOM

TRADITIONAL American faith in democratic government has been badly bruised and beaten of late years, but it probably never put up with a more devastating blow than was delivered at the recent Chicago mayoralty election. The two leading candidates were about as fully differentiated as day and night. Mayor William A. Dever has never been a professional politician: he abandoned a distinguished legal career when the citizens of Chicago, badly in need of decent municipal rule, earnestly besought him to assume the responsibilities of office. Under his direction much was done to develop the city's highways; to render the educational system efficient and respectably independent of politics; to enforce the civil law against tremendous odds, engendered by the worst system of gangstering and bootlegging ever to have existed inside an American metropolis. One thing, however, Mayor Dever did not find time to achieve—the organization, in his own support, of a political machine so well lubricated that it would spin round for him under any circumstances. Indeed, he went further against the grain than any merely ambitious person would have gone. He declared that, although he did not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment, it was his duty as a mayor to enforce it as fully as possible.

For his part, "Bill" Thompson is a comeback. Ousted from the City Hall, whence his slogan, "Throw away your hammer and buy a horn," had radiated to every billboard in the town, Thompson went into training. He could be pretty certain that an hour would dawn when his peculiar virtues would be in demand again. His grip might have slackened a little, but the fingers were long and the wrist muscular. "Bill" Thompson is the only man now living who could have organized all the forces that balk against frank and above-board municipal rule in Chicago. He had never compromised himself by lifting an eyebrow against the old saloon or the new blind pig. Education without politics was inconceivable to him. He was one of the first to realize that the Middle-West, and, of course, its biggest town, bitterly resented the world war and would not get that resentment out of its system for years. Through his altruistic endeavor, throngs of Negro workers flocked into Chicago during war-time, under circumstances which made disastrous race strife inevitable but revealed to the Southern darky, earning big wages, a "real friend." Even so, however, Thompson could not have got back into office without the canny promoting of State's Attorney Robert Crowe. What this new "big boss" means to Chicago cannot be developed here; but the town is in his hands, and anybody who likes to sing "O Beautiful, my country!" ought to take the trouble to find out for himself what Crowe actually means.

The point, however, is not so much the unutterable banality of a population which comes back to the dross it once happily cast aside, as it is the very grave danger which liquor enforcement within municipalities implies. A public official who attempts to hold the fort of law against attacks by organizations of desperate men as well as against general antagonism to the Eighteenth Amendment, is sure to lose that charm of "hale fellowship" (it may be observed incidentally that Mr. Thompson's second name is "Hale") so indispensable to political leadership. It may be that the elements responsible for having made the moral issue of abstinence a part of constitutional law will some day discover the fact that they have exposed the essential character of democratic rule to disastrous fluctuations of sentiment and to the organizing skill of hoodlums. Chicago is a striking representative instance of how deeply the issue of dry enforcement has changed the current of local government throughout the country, turning it from decent progressive effort to an extremely shady defense of "personal liberty." Gunrunners and law-breakers have captured the nerve-centre of the Middle-West, and the great Mr. Robert Crowe controls the municipal welfare of millions of Americans. Who is responsible? The question had better be pondered carefully now, before projects to anneal the Chicago judiciary to the Crowe-Thompson system of "government" have been realized. To imagine an American city tumbling back into the worst features of "boss rule" as inveighed against during a generation is a somewhat difficult feat for the optimistically minded, but is genuinely imperative now.

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THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

By DENIS W. BROGAN

IN ODD corners of the papers there appear, at intervals of a month or two, brief paragraphs headed, The Klan in Scotland, or, Irish Menace in Scotland. The text below is always vague; some "movement" is rising that is to deliver Scotland from a tide of Irish immigration which is sweeping away the landmarks in the country of Bruce and Burns, of Scott—and of Knox. To call the paragraphs untrue would be harsh. They are misleading, but not altogether unfounded. Scotland is menaced, that is, the Scotland of Knox is menaced. It has just discovered that the snake of Popery which it had thought killed had been only Scotched. Not unnaturally, the heirs of Knox are annoyed and declare, with much pulpit thumping, "There ought to be a law about it."

In the dread years of the Great Peace, the professional Protestants of Scotland suddenly became aware that more than a tenth of the population was Catholic, that the Roman Church was the biggest of the "denominations" and that while all her competitors were in varying stages of decay, she was growing, absolutely and relatively. The bourgeoisie, terrified by the revolutionary menace of the Clyde, were called on to reflect that there where the Russian taint was deepest, a quarter of the population was Papist; the Kremlin and the Vatican, plainly, were engaged in a joint raid on the hearths, altars, and pocketbooks of the orthodox. An excited minister coined the phrase, "the unholy alliance," and the trick was done: the Third International was merely a branch or a tool of our old friends the Jesuits.

When the rhetorical barrage was lifted, nobody had been very much hurt, but quite a number of people had been enlightened—on both sides—to the point of realizing a modus vivendi as a necessity.

The Church in Scotland today, even more than the Church in the United States, is a fruit of Irish immigration. The triumph of the Reformation was less complete and much slower than is generally recognized, but by the end of the eighteenth century, the Faith was extinct outside the Highlands and a few isolated areas like "the Enzie" of Banff. The great Highland emigration to Canada weakened the remnants, and, despite their disproportionately large contribution to the clergy, the Scottish Catholics of old stock are a small minority among the laity. With the great industrial development of the Southwest in the nineteenth century came an expanding labor market. Ireland, mother of emigrants, was at hand and a tide poured into the Lowlands, chiefly from Ulster. The immigrants were very poor, for if they had been less poor they could have paid their way to America. They came from the rain- and wind-swept coasts, from the mountain and bog; they had neither education nor skill. Few had ever owned a good cow or a good plow; they were predestined hewers of wood—or rather, builders of railroads and of docks, shovelers of coal in gasworks, carriers of material in shipyards. They were the people of Pat McGill's novels.

Scotland offered them few of the opportunities of America. They came to a country with its own proletariat which could work as hard, was better trained and drank less—or, rather, showed it less. Even politics was barred to them. They had votes, but with a religious loyalty they voted as "the party" wanted. They voted as Irish patriots, but with none of the rewards attendant, in some places, on that rôle. Their votes were disposed of in Dublin or London; the rewards went there also. One illustration will suffice. In the city of Glasgow, a fifth of the population was Irish, their political machinery was perfect and not 1 percent of the police force was Hibernian.

A second material disadvantage arose from their religion. In a country which made a fetish of education, of "la carrière onverte aux talents," their education was limited in range and defective in quality. The public schools were Presbyterian, so a desperately poor population had to provide schools as well as churches. Fortunately most of the expenses of maintenance were paid for by the central government, which gave "grants" to all schools, public and parochial. These grants were supplemented by local taxes in the case of public schools; the Catholic schools simply did without, and so had bad buildings, bad equipment, too few and miserably underpaid teachers. As the second generation grew up, there appeared the rudiments of a bourgeoisie. The public-house, the pawnshop, were open if not very dignified ways to comparative opulence. The great provision trade with Ireland in cattle, butter, eggs, etc., lifted others out of poverty, but it was so intimately connected with Ireland that it hardly affected the general life of the Irish-Scotch or the attitude of the Scottish public.

It was from these roots that the new Church in Scotland sprung. How much courage, devotion, and ability the helots and the ex-helots displayed, no outsider can guess—more especially as the exterior was not very prepossessing. In, but not of, Scotland was this mass: in the main very poor; when rich, likely to be Philistine in a way distasteful to the less gaudy Dagon-worship of the Scots bourgeois. Among the proletariat, indeed, a vast change was going on. There was much marrying and giving in marriage, much wastage and much gain; assimilation had begun. To the average Scot, however, the Irish were to be ignored and, if possible, forgotten, and the effort was fairly successful.

With the Armistice came the awakening. One ef-

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fect of the war had been to disorganize the Scottish educational system. A thorough reform was undertaken and, among other things, the question of the Catholic schools arose. It was high time. The cost of living had soared to the skies, the salaries of teachers, necessarily, stood still. To rear a family and show a respectable front to the world on $500 a year was mortification in 1914; it was martyrdom in 1918. The proposals of the government were simple: all the liabilities for schools, teachers, etc., would be taken over. the vested capital in school-buildings amply compensated for, and the fullest securities given for the religious character and training of teachers; none but Catholics could teach Catholic children, and at least as much religious instruction had to be given as before. The bishops were given legal powers to enforce these guarantees.

The effects in the educational field have been revolutionary—and the educational field is a great part of the Scottish landscape. The teachers, the schools, the children have been lifted from poverty to decency, from inferiority to equality. Secondary education has been created. Formerly there were a few good but small and comparatively expensive schools; now there are the beginnings of a general system, though it will take years to overcome completely the lack of schools and of qualified teachers.

The Education Act of 1918 was the first bomb which awakened the sleeping Presbyteries. It was passed at a time when public attention was directed elsewhere. It was with horror the realization dawned that it actually gave Catholics a privileged position. The Act said not a word about Protestant teaching in the schools. The shorter catechism and the King James Bible only existed on sufferance; any local socialist "education authority" could sweep them away—whereas only Parliament could touch the Catholics.

The next grievance was less substantial but more popular. Most of the secondary schools and many of the primary schools were staffed by religious, brothers and nuns. Under the new system the religious received good and, in many cases, large salaries which went to enrich their respective orders. The outcry against subsidizing Rome was the louder because, incredible as it seems, many ministers believed the teaching orders gave their surplus to the regular clergy!

It is no wonder that the ministers began to look under their beds—and that they found there Papist and Bolshevist in "unholy alliance." To Americans this must seem rather like Alice in Blunderland, but in Scotland it had an appearance of plausibility. Among the casualties of the war was the Irish Nationalist party, and its demise left the Irish in Scotland free for politics on their own hook. Before the war, it is true, many Catholics had begun to rise in the trade-union hierarchy, but the transition to Labour politics was very difficult. The few who essayed it had to bear the double suspicion of being traitors to Church and country. The second of these charges ceased to matter with the end of the war. The Irish party was dead, so was the Liberal party to which the Irish vote had been delivered for thirty years. So the Irish voted Labour or any way the individuals pleased, the floodgates were open, and for the first time, the Catholics in Scotland could enter politics on something like even terms. The result is easy to summarize. When the first Labour government came into office in 1923, the leader of the Scottish Labour party, the leader of the left wing of the whole party and one of the three leading members of the cabinet was the Right Honorable John Wheatley, M. P. Within a few months he was doubly honored. He was attacked by Mr. H. G. Wells for refusing to allow the Ministry of Health to disseminate birth-control information, and he dined with Cardinal Bourne.

It was this situation that created the noisy but quite unsubstantial agitation for nobody knew what! It advertised the Catholics, who were rather pleased to be thought so formidable. This self-satisfaction is the most regrettable result of the situation, but not all shared it. Many there were who said (out of Protestant hearing), "If they only knew their business, they could make a far better job of it." They could! The Church is increasing in numbers; it is not winning Scotland to the Faith. Apart from the marriage converts, few indeed are won to the fold. The reasons are very obvious. In a country where education is a fetish, Catholics have been and still are inferior to their neighbors. Before 1914, the disappearance of the whole Catholic population in Glasgow would have left but the tiniest of gaps in the professions, in public life, in the great producing industries. In two fields alone had Catholics won fame. They had produced artists, Roche and Lavery; and they had produced athletes.

That situation has changed and is changing rapidly. The change is due to circumstances like those indicated, but also to individuals, above all to the late Professor Phillimore, a great scholar, a great gentleman, and a great Catholic. Catholic students in the universities could be counted on the fingers before the war; they run into hundreds now. The old double allegiance in politics has ceased to be a serious problem since the Irish Treaty. The last legal grievances have gone, we have come out of the Catacombs. The effects of the past are not easily removed, however, and the Church in Scotland seems to many to do herself less than justice. Church architecture, church decoration, church music are, as a rule, deplorable. The Catholic press makes no appeal to the unconverted, and little to the critical among the faithful. These deficiencies are the more lamentable that the opportunity is so great. A Catholic Scotland would, indeed, be a prize. The strong ship of Calvinism is being pounded to pieces on the rocks. Pity it is that of the multitudes who are being swept overboard, few swim to safety on the Rock. The great task of the Catholics of this generation is to put a beacon on it.

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MIRACLES: AN ANTIQUATED VIEW

By JAMES H. RYAN

ONE of the strangest phenomena of contemporary American intellectual life, a phenomenon worthy of critical and psychological analysis, is the wide-spread favor with which books whose aim is to popularize scientific and literary knowledge have been received. American scholarship has been vigorously attacked in certain circles overseas and not altogether without reason. The recent flood of compendia, histories, stories, and outlines would seem to justify this low opinion of our scholarly achievements, if such books could rightly be taken as a criterion of the level and integrity of American scholarship.

The book by Floyd L. Darrow entitled Miracles* is a typical example of this new kind of scholarship at its worst. It is difficult to review this work and to maintain during the effort one's mental equanimity. Such a mixture of half-truths, historical errors, discarded theories, and personal opinions parading under the trappings of scientific research cannot be paralleled in any other book which this reviewer has ever encountered.

There is no evidence, as far as I was able to ascertain, that the author has discovered a single new fact of history or has opened the way to a new conception of miracles. He takes at fifth hand statements made by men who got their information at second and third hand. Such "scholars" as Brewer, Doane, and Middleton (an eighteenth-century controversialist) furnish the bulk of his material, chapter after chapter. Draper and A. D. White are called on again and again to supply him with arguments, while several chapters are but badly done résumés of Stanley Hall's bizarre views as developed in his Jesus the Christ in the Light of Psychology. How far philosophy has traveled from the opinions as well as the spirit which dominated nineteenth-century agnosticism is well known to everyone in touch with contemporary viewpoints. Yet Mr. Darrow does not appear to share this knowledge. He rehashes the arguments of Comte and Huxley, and serves them up as the latest results of modern scholarship. He discusses seriously, and with seeming approval, the Rosicrucian philosophy, and applies its principles to the fact of the Resurrection and to the teachings of Christ, as a possible rational explanation of the dogmas of the Christian religion. If anything further were needed to demonstrate the utterly unscientific character of this book, one would be at a loss to know where to go in order to discover it.

Miracles is written in the rationalistic manner which Ingersoll made famous, and with the same disregard for history and logic which was so marked a characteristic of his controversial method. A great amount of insistence is laid by Mr. Darrow on the evolution of thought, in order to make palatable the conclusion that the ancients were fools and, as such, ready to accept even normal happenings as miraculous events. Frazer and Tylor are called upon to tell us about primitive culture, ghosts, religious myths, and totemism, to prove that all miracles are but the result of that "irrepressible proneness to wonder which in every childhood cradle of the race built up the marvelous background of prehistoric myth and legend into which the thought, the religion, the philosophy, and the literature of every civilization have so deeply struck their roots."

The argument is a perfect example of what has been called "the fallacy of thought parallels." Because some so-called miracles are the products of popular imagination, because primitive peoples are given to animism and prone to regard certain natural events as miraculous, it is concluded that all miracles are purely psychological, and are explainable in such terms. That there has been evolution in human thinking, the history of which is, in its main outlines, perfectly well known, no one questions. The history of medicine, of the positive sciences and of philosophy shows that a progressive and upward growth in knowledge has taken place in these fields even during the last century. But nobody would question the value of the philosophy and science of Aristotle, of the mathematics of Euclid, of the medicine of Hippocrates, merely because of the highly imaginative character of Greek popular thought.

We may now turn to a consideration of what the author has written concerning the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. He analyzes them, convinced that the Bible narratives are not historically exact, and that even if they were, a miracle is impossible anyway and cannot be accepted—a position very reminiscent of no less a modern than Hume. Here again the myth theory of the origin of Jewish and Christian religious beliefs is worked overtime, and takes the place in the writer's argumentation of a painstaking historical analysis of the facts narrated by the Bible. When he comes to the miracles of the New Testament, Mr. Darrow settles the whole problem quite simply by declaring the Gospel history unauthentic, a view which he says is accepted today by "every scholar of standing." On the contrary, a study of modern biblical criticism might show Mr. Darrow that the historical value of the Gospels, even in the miracle narratives, is beyond critical questioning. Criticism since Astruc has attacked the Gospels from every conceivable angle, only to conclude with Harnack, writing forty-seven years ago, that "as regards the criticism of the sources of Christianity, we stand unquestionably in a movement of return to tradition." Yet Mr. Darrow cites the Crucifixion, the

**Miracles: A Modern View, by Floyd L. Darrow. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.*

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doctrines of the Trinity and of the Atonement as miracles and then proceeds to demolish them by pointing out parallels in certain pagan religions. It is not necessary to cite other examples in order to establish how muddled is his thought as to the nature of a miracle.

Mr. Darrow keeps repeating the discredited arguments of the older rationalists like Paulus, apparently oblivious of how unmodern these really are, and how far we have traveled from the theories of Strauss, Renan and company. Nor does he seem to appreciate that it was due principally to their overemphasis on the miraculous that the early Church rejected the apocryphal gospels and refused them a place in the Canon of the New Testament. Instead of proving that the miracles of the New Testament are not genuine, the apocrypha demonstrate the direct opposite. They show that the judgment of the Church with reference to the historical value of the books it was called upon to include in the Canon was both sane and sound and that this judgment has its foundations in no less a fact than that the canonical Gospels are histories while the apocrypha are mere pious legends.

This is not the place to come to the defense of the miracle, either from an historical or from a philosophical point of view. Suffice it to say that all references to continuity in nature or to the universe viewed mechanistically and as a closed system beg the question at issue. The root problem is not so much whether miracles are possible—granting that the universe is governed by laws and that we, as scientists, are fully acquainted with all these laws and their workings (a large assumption)—as whether God Himself exists. If He does exist, He cannot but be regarded as an adequate and rational cause of all such happenings as fall without the realm of uniform natural action. The question, then, and recent thinkers have seen the point, must be approached not so much from the angle of philosophy as of historical evidence, and to this evidence the Christian thinker turns for a definitive settlement of the problem.

The chapter on miracles From the Apostolic Age to the Reformation, repeats the historical errors and half-truths of Middleton, Brewer, Warfield, and A. D. White, and assumes that since the Reformation, everyone outside the Catholic Church has ceased to believe that miracles are any longer of actual occurrence. In the Church, on the other hand, the benighted opinion endures that miracles are taking place today, as for example, at Saint Anne de Beaupré, at Lourdes, and at other shrines. In which connection it might have been well for the writer to have examined the medical report of the Bureau des Constatations Médicales of Lourdes rather than to settle the question by the a priori statement that all such cases are those of "typical neurotics, the hysterics, and those afflicted with the mental aberration of physical disability."

Whether miracles have occurred and do now occur is a question which can only be settled on historical grounds. The Church makes no claims on our faith with regard to so-called ecclesiastical miracles. That many occurrences of the past have been recorded as miracles which were not in truth miracles, that popular superstition has often played fast and loose with fact in its interpretations of purely natural events, is a matter of elementary history. Nobody has more severely criticized some of the alleged miracles with which the lives of the saints are replete than Father Thurston. Father Thurston, however, has approached these cases in a scientific spirit. He has analyzed the historical evidence behind the miraculous happenings, has submitted the events themselves to a searching and scientific analysis, and has often frankly judged them to be spurious miracles. The contrast between this method of approaching the problem and that of the author of Miracles is so startling that it need scarcely be pointed out.

As a concrete example of Darrow's historical competency, I cite only two quotations picked at random from a mass of similar false statements. He writes: "The Easter of the Christian Church was originally solemnized on March 25, the same day upon which the pagan saviours were believed to have risen from the dead"; and, "December 25, the date of Christmas, was also the birthday of many pagan deities."

It would be difficult to castigate this unscholarly compilation in too severe terms. Although I am quite conscious of the fact that the only claim to scholarship which it can make is that which the publishers make for it, nevertheless it heats one's blood almost to the boiling point to have such a book go forth as a sample of American scholarship. American scientists and historians are doing high-class productive research in many fields today, work which is gaining for them the admiration and applause of the world. A book such as Miracles would operate to destroy this good opinion were we not quick to speak out and to brand it for what it is, a third-rate compilation, an unscholarly and tendential piece of propaganda writing.

In conclusion, may I cite some Darrovian gems of thought to justify my severe and harsh criticism of this "production of modern scholarship in popular form"? After reading these quotations it may be left to the reader to judge whether the criticism has been either too severe or too unkind: "The so-called lives of this man of mystery [Christ] are nine-tenths fiction. The Gospels are wholly unhistorical." "He [Saint Paul] wrote probably within fifteen or twenty years after His death. But of the life and teachings of Jesus he seems to have known very little." "The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as history is concerned, is this —not a particle of evidence in support of a single miracle relating to Jesus has ever been found." "All, except Catholics, concede that the miracles of the early Church and the middle-ages are utterly false. Those of the Bible are no less so." "Until the time of the Reformation the Catholic Church as a separate institution did not exist."

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BUCKFAST ABBEY

By ANNE MANNING

GOD was most lavish in His gifts to England, and for hundreds of years Roman and Celt and Briton, Saxon, Norman and Englishman have tamed, developed, and beautified the length and breadth of the country. The great old trees, well-kept hedges, good roads, and picturesque bridges look safe and solid and finished. The handsome country-houses in the midst of broad acres, and the cottages with their green velvety lawns and lovely gardens enclosed by great stone walls covered with rambler roses, clinging vines, and shrubs of various kinds, combine to give a fascinating impression of comfort, peace and security. And over all up and down the country stand the great memorials of mediaeval England—the cathedrals, parish churches, and the ruins of her abbeys. All these, built by Catholics for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the glory of God, mutely testify to "the tender grace of a day that is dead." There is nothing more pitiable than the sight of things diverted from their proper end. Nevertheless, these wondrous structures are still more than memorials of a glorious past, they are symbols of a future hope. When the consequences of the revolt of a licentious king and the pusillanimity of selfish and scheming courtiers have run their course, the English people will not be wholly bereft of their inheritance for they will still have their ancient churches.

Every county in the kingdom has its story and its memories of what "it loved long since and lost a while," and lovely Devonshire is especially rich in the old traditions. The men of Devon waged an heroic struggle for the Faith, and though they were defeated in the end by the might of a ruthless government, a great deal of Catholic thought and manners survived in the life of the people. In 1549, 10,000 men of Devon and Cornwall marched to Exeter to demand the reëstablishment of the abbeys. Above all, they insisted upon "the Mass being sung in Latin as before, and the Blessed Sacrament hung over the altar and there worshipped as it was wont to be . . . that we will not receive the new service because it is like a Christmas game; but we will have our old service of Latin Mass again, and procession in Latin as it was before."

The whole history of Devon makes it fitting that it should see the resurrection of one of the great abbeys that the brigand king destroyed. Saint Mary's Abbey of Buckfast is perhaps the oldest in Devonshire. Its origin is unknown. Some writers are of the opinion that it was founded by Saint Petrock (died 564) in the sixth century; others think that it owed its origin to Cynewulf, king of Wessex. However, it is certain that it existed before King Alfred's time, as it was during that monarch's reign in 871, that the assessment of estates was made, and the testimony of the Domesday Book is that "Bulfestre is the head of the abbacy, it never paid geld." The first abbot of Buckfast of whom there is any record is Alwinus whose signature appears on several documents in the days of Canute and Edward the Confessor. At that time, besides Buckfast "the head of the abbacy that never paid geld," there were eleven manors belonging to the abbey for which Alwinus did pay geld, so it is clear that he must have had several predecessors in the abbacy, whose records have been lost. The history of Buckfast up to the time of the Dissolution is exceedingly interesting. It was a centre of religion and the arts of civilization, wood-carving, sheep-farming, agriculture, and hospitality. The abbots administered the property, which was the gift of kings and nobles, for the good of the people. They educated the children and took care of the sick.

In 1525, when John Rede was lord abbot of Buckfast, systematic inquiries were begun in England to the prejudice of those whom the king wished to despoil. The first accusation against the abbot of Buckfast was of pasturing his cattle on the king's moors. From that time neither the king nor his minions paused in the pursuit of their nefarious ends. In 1534, the Oath of Supremacy was tendered to the nobles and clergy. Refusal to sign that fatal document meant ruin at least, and martyrdom for many of England's greatest sons, among them the Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, and the Carthusian monks. Buckfast did not sign and the king's tyranny knew no restraint. For ten years no one was allowed to take vows. The younger monks were disbanded, so that at the Dissolution there were only ten monks at Buckfast Abbey. A creature of Cranmer and Cromwell named Gabriel Donne was intruded as abbot in 1535 to prepare the way for the final spoliation. On the morning of February 25, 1539, the last Mass was said in ancient Buckfast, and the same day the abbey was officially dissolved by Henry VIII and the monks dispersed. All the gold and silver plate and other treasure of which the abbey was the custodian went at once to replenish the king's coffers, and the work of demolition began. The buildings were dismantled, the lead stripped from the roofs, the five church bells, the carvings and everything that could be moved from the abbey and its dependencies were sold, and the property of 36,000 acres, the principal part of the abbey lands, passed into the possession of William Petre, the head of the Royal Commission for the suppression of the religious houses in Devonshire. There is not much to be said for England's Bluebeard, but when the

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royal ruffian "robbed Peter," at least he rewarded his creatures royally.

Henry's men did their work thoroughly and when they looked upon the destruction they had wrought, they did not dream that the "Pope's men" would ever come into their own again. However, 343 years later the ruins of Buckfast Abbey were bought by a small band of Benedictine monks who had been lately exiled from Pierre-qui-vire by the Third French Republic which, in its turn, was carrying on the time dishonored business of spoliation. So it came about that on October 28, 1882, Holy Mass was again celebrated and the Divine Office sung amidst the ruins of Buckfast Abbey. Unwittingly, the men who stripped the lead from the abbey buildings in the sixteenth century, prepared the way for the return of the monks in the nineteenth. If the abbey had not been unroofed and left to fall into ruins, but had been, like the cathedrals, parish churches, and Westminster Abbey, turned to the use of the Protestant Church as by Law Established, it would be in all probability like them today devoid of the sacramental Presence of Our Lord.

It is difficult to remove all trace of an institution that has been a blessing to a place for hundreds of years —a thousand if Baring Gould is correct in his contention that Buckfast Abbey was founded by Saint Petrock. So it is not surprising that when the Benedictines returned they found many interesting souvenirs of their predecessors. The woolen industry, that had been introduced by the monks from Flanders centuries ago, is still carried on in the village. The ancient manors and dependencies of the abbey retain their names. The "Abbot's Tower" still stands, the "Abbot's Way" leads across the moor, and the "Monk's Path" still winds by the River Dart. Some of the lesser buildings are also to be found. The lovely old greystone Gatehouse, with its walls four or five feet thick, its casement windows and turret stairs, is close by the arch under which Edward I passed when he visited Buckfast Abbey. Everything that remains, arches, walls and windows, testifies to the excellence of the achievements of the monks.

After the Dissolution, the abbey church and monastery changed owners many times, and in the course of time fell into picturesque ruins, of which several drawings are now in the possession of the Benedictines. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796, a description was given by a Mr. Laskey of the ruins as they were then: "On the north side of the Abbot's Tower," he said, "appear the walls and foundations of this once splendid seat of superstition, the abbey church and remains of its tower all lying in such massy fragments that it is scarcely to be conceived by what power so vast a fabric could be disjointed. The walls appear of the thickness of nine or ten feet, and entirely composed of small stones in layers and a compost of sand and lime which we supposed to have been thrown on these layers hot after the manner anciently used in such large buildings, which incorporated together formed a mass as solid as the native rock." In 1806, the walls were finally leveled and every trace of the foundations was covered up. A modern mansion was built of some of the materials on the site of the Guesthouse and incorporating the Abbot's Tower. This mansion, together with several acres of land was, through the generosity of friends, purchased by the monks from Pierre-qui-vire in 1882, and a temporary chapel was built. Small chapels were fitted up in the Abbot's Tower and within its venerable walls many souls found their way home to the "one fold and one Shepherd."

Excavations and researches began at once. The old foundations were unearthed and the monks began to rebuild the monastery and cloisters upon them. Even the hearthstone in the kitchen is the same as in the old monastery. When these were completed, in 1906, the monks, with their own hands, began the erection of the new abbey church. It is the first church in England to be rebuilt on pre-Reformation foundations. The style is twelfth-century Gothic. The interior is constructed of Bath stone and the fillings in of the vaulting are of red sandstone. The exterior is of local greystone with trimmings of Ham Hill stone. In 1922, the church was far enough advanced to be opened, and it was then solemnly blessed. The whole eastern portion, transept, choir, and south aisle are now complete, and a temporary roof shelters the nave while the west front and north aisle are in course of construction. At the crossing of the nave and transept there is a lofty square tower not yet completed but sufficiently high to accommodate a peal of fourteen bells which are rung from a gallery extending round the tower fifty-one feet from the pavement. The interior of the church is very beautiful, light, and spacious. The high altar, which consists of a marble slab eleven feet long by three feet wide, and six inches thick, is supported in front on four marble columns with carved capitals. The abbot's throne is built wholly of carved oak salvaged from a house that once belonged to the abbey. A large portion of the statue of Our Lady of Buckfast was found built into a wall of a house in the neighborhood. It has been restored and is now in a shrine above the altar in the Lady Chapel. The stained-glass windows are very lovely in color, especially those of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in the east end of the nave, and the flaming cherubim in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Many interesting discoveries were made during the excavations, and a museum has been formed in the basement of the Abbot's Tower. It contains pieces of carved stone in a great variety of styles, fragments of statuary and stained glass, blue, yellow, and green tiles, copper, gilt, and enamel remnants of shrines, and much else. But there are more important souvenirs of the monastic possessions in the houses of the neighboring towns. A clergyman has a beautiful carved oak altar,

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decorated with angels and religious symbols, which he uses as a sideboard. The monks offered him a good price for it, but he would not sell it.

For sixteen years, the Buckfast community was under the government of the abbot of Pierre-qui-vire, but in 1899 it was erected into a separate community with the right to be governed by a resident superior. In 1902, Buckfast was restored to its ancient dignity of a Benedictine abbey, and Dom Boniface Natter was elected first of the restored line of abbots. His installation took place in 1903, when in the presence of a vast concourse of noted people, the ancient oath of fidelity to the Holy See and the promise to observe the Rule of Saint Benedict, and to administer the goods of the monastery unto the well-being of Holy Church, of the brethren, of the poor and of pilgrims, was heard again in Devon.

Sorrow soon came to the young community in the loss of Abbot Natter by shipwreck off the coast of Spain in 1906. Dom Anscar Vonier who was his companion on the voyage was providentially rescued and on his return home was elected the second lord abbot of Buckfast. Under his beneficent rule the community is growing in holiness, wisdom, and numbers. The monastery is a hive of industry. There are sixty monks in the community and each seems to be an expert in some separate line.

The abbey is situated on the banks of the River Dart and is encircled by beautifully wooded hills. These days all roads lead to Buckfast. Char-à-bancs, motor cars, and bicycles bring daily, on an average, 150 visitors, who come to wonder at the sight of a few men, independent of union rules, cheerfully building a majestic church. However, they see much more than that. The first thing to attract attention is the busy hum of the bees in the lime trees. It is the key-note of the place—work and rhythm, peace and happiness. The visitors walk about and admire the calm, the quiet and the work. If they are wise they soon understand that all the outward activity is but accessory, and that the great raison d'etre of the place is the Opus Dei—the Mass and the Divine Office, which nothing ever hinders, night or day. They walk about and listen to the bells, or the organ, and perhaps hear a sermon or one or other of the Divine Offices, comprehending little, perhaps, but feeling vaguely that this is exactly what 6,000 men of Devon fought and died for nearly four hundred years ago.

Like Rome and the holy places of Palestine, Buckfast is a place to be homesick for; it is a charming spot in which to find shelter from the cares of the world, and to listen to the cadences of the abbey bells as they mark the unhurrying hours. It is loveliest of all at dawn, and in the twilight. After compline is said and the evening star appears in the west, the strains of the Memorare are softly pealed forth and fall like a benediction, reaching far into the solitudes of the River Dart and the great silences of the moor.

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

SOME years ago, when the government of the Panama Canal Zone was in the process of formation, a bureau of municipalities was set up mainly to relieve the governor and the executive secretary of the care of native Panamanians living in the zone. It was a modest bureau and was contained quite comfortably under the hat of Rufus A. Lane, of Hingham. Mr. Lane had made his first long voyage as a young officer of the Flying Cloud and had been mate of one of the famous clipper ships at a very early age. He had joined the establishment of one of the great merchant princes of the China coast (when American China trade was an impressive thing, and carried on with an air); had lived long in the Philippines in Spanish days, as a friend of Spanish governors; had gone to Alaska during the gold rush; had been in California during the oil rush; and at this time was studying Panama and the canal. A dignified, rather austere but very gentle person, speaking Spanish like Lord Dunsany's hidalgos, he was a figure to catch the eye of men of Spanish blood and to inspire confidence. He took his office seriously, and proceeded to construct municipalities out of palm-leaf huts hidden in the jungle away from the line of the railroad, and to collect runaway Jamaicans, imported to dig the canal, into orderly communities. In the jungle, men quickly revert to semi-savage or wholly savage life. His effort was to put no constraint on them, but to teach them to supply their own needs, to bring them to prefer the essentials of self-government, however primitive, rather than the prevailing extremes of anarchy or despotism.

About a year after the bureau had been created, one of the periodical investigating committees of Congress came by. They were very thorough and very keen to examine every phase of the canal work. Lane was discovered as chief of a bureau, and brought before them. On cross-examination it appeared that he had built up a certain number of municipalities; that these governed themselves by an adaptation of the New England town-meeting; that they were putting through very successfully certain measures of necessary public hygiene; that they had been connected by roads through the jungle (cut through and maintained by themselves); that, far from being a charge on the zone government, they had over one hundred thousand silver dollars in the bank. One of the members of the investigating committee remarked later: "I don't see why he takes so much trouble with these people; to me they are just like the mosquitoes and the buzzards—I want to get rid of them."

There is an illustration of two current American points of view, applicable anywhere from Mexico and Central America to the Philippines. There were those who thought the work of Mr. Lane's bureau of municipalities one of the most impressive illustrations that could be offered to Panama and other neighbors of what could be done for their more primitive inhabitants in the remote interior. The construction of the canal was vastly important certainly, as a great physical work competently done; but the little by-product of the jungle municipalities (abolished by the congressional committee) did seem to a number of people to be quite comparable with it in importance.

The two points of view illustrated by this anecdote are constantly at work—mutually exclusive, mutually destructive, in all our administrative relations with the Spanish-speaking peo-

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ples of America and Asia. The contradiction involved permeates also what policy lingers in the State Department; and to the contradiction is added another factor hampering to the development of a clear-cut, constructive policy based on mutual advantage and coöperation: that is the pernicious system of autocratic favoritism which exists, in spite of all disguises and denials, and which has become a feature of our foreign service.

American diplomacy might be conceived as something different from diplomacy as it is understood in Europe. Our objective might be easily defined, and rather simple; our methods should be irreproachable. Instead of that, we have permitted our diplomatic service to imitate a fashion instituted in the British service by a small group of men who have, fortunately for England, been eliminated; an alien system, incompatible with American needs and American ways, has been made traditional with us. It was never essentially even an English system, but something rather decadent which was blown out of the English system by good common sense, even before the war and the Labour party brought about a new point of view in Britain's civil service. The reason for its growth with us is simple enough, though it is doubtful that that reason will emerge from present newspaper debate on the subject. The moment the State Department comes under fire, for any reason, people who are unfriendly to it press to the fore. Rather ill-natured things are said, and when personal relief has come with the saying of them, nothing more happens. No one of consequence on the inside cares to come forward, lest he jeopardize his advancement, and no one on the outside who has once been in is willing to bell the cat lest he give the impression that while in, he was not one of the elect! That is not the way remedy will be brought to what really does exist and really is an evil, prejudicial to many a good man in the service, and harmful to the proper conduct of the business of the United States. If the first-class men in the service who do not like this condition prefer to hold on and condone for the sake of a somewhat nebulous career, and those outside fear to be classed as "disappointed men" and therefore not quite reliable witnesses, not much is to be expected. Yet the facts of the matter and their reasons for being are all ascertainable, and that quite simply; and the remedy is not far to seek.

It is a pity that we have nothing, and can set up nothing, like a crown commission. Such a commission is not awed nor intimidated by mere language nor by an assumption of mystery. An exhibition of the kind recently reported in connection with an inquiry by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, simply could not happen to the sort of crown commission that has examined the British diplomatic service in the process of breaking it of just such bad habits as we have copied from their young detrimentals. Crown commissions do not take kindly to being spoken to by self-important young men as though commissioners were five years old and mentally defective.

Heart's Eyes

Yes, Camden is a pretty town
They say, exceptionally fair;
I really do not know, myself,
For I was lonely there.

And Weir is ugly, I suppose,
Rocky and bleak and bare;
I cannot rightly say, myself,
I was so happy there!

ALICE GOULD.

NEW MEN OF LETTERS

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

HAS the writing of biography changed notably owing to new psychologies and altered perspectives? Does the critical acumen of today compare favorably with the more pontifical estimates of yesteryear? The newer English Men of Letters volumes do not, of course, provide a complete answer to these queries; but they can claim a distinguished ancestry of both critics and subjects, and they have a right to be considered representative of the British literary present. It was fortunate that a man like Mr. J. C. Squire could be found to supervise a collective undertaking having to do with important and complex figures like William Blake and Herman Melville. Through the London Mercury he has organized the nearest thing to a literary guild now functioning in English-speaking countries. In that journal, intelligence has been applied to achievements of thought and art, without detriment to a fine catholicity of taste and urbanity of speech. Accordingly, Mr. Squire's chosen biographers are very properly "Mercury men" for the most part. They really know how to think for themselves while heeding the creditable opinions of others.

The four or five volumes now issued (all of them, it may be said in passing, can be obtained from the Macmillan Company) are diverse enough in character but nevertheless clearly reveal a common tendency. This may be described, I believe, as a desire to base an estimate upon facts rather than upon intuition or speculation. Mr. Priestley's George Meredith, for instance, sets out resolutely to get at the difficult truth about Meredith's life and proves reasonably successful. In dealing with Walt Whitman, Mr. John Bailey supplies a succinct but remarkably complete account of how contemporary critics really felt about Leaves of Grass. Mr. Harold Nicholson faced a difficult task of analysis when he undertook his study of Swinburne, but carried it through manfully and carefully. Some years have now elapsed since André Gide appealed to Blake, the mighty "romantic prophet"; but before and since, the speculations concerning the utterances of this erratic, though significant and arresting, seer have been many and varied. Mr. Osbert Burdett's William Blake sets the house in order with a clarity almost positivistic in its reliance on intelligent discretion.

So complete an absence of fantastic theorizing, of psychoanalysis in particular, is notable and not a little satisfying. Four American books on the same subjects would undoubtedly spin round some alluring Freudian central point without really getting anywhere. Not that this area of investigation is unfruitful; but it needs tilling by experts, not surveying by speculative amateurs. Mr. Bailey's explanation of Whitmanism, for instance, suffers from a refusal to consider the "good grey poet's" concept of Eros. One feels that something important remains to be said about the man—something that is, in a sense, the inner key to his transmutation from criticism to vision. But Mr. Bailey might well reply that nobody else has said the thing either, despite laborious attempts. The Freudian definition of the unconscious may, ultimately, mean "that which cannot be realized in consciousness." At all events, the sane comments which Mr. John Freeman, in his Herman Melville, devotes to Professor Weaver's earlier biography of that eminent novelist, seem to point toward some such definition with good effect.

Mr. Freeman's book also reveals that sharper vision which may be termed a characteristic of our present generation—a generation not more tolerant or learned, perhaps, than others, but certainly emancipated from many limitations by cosmopolitan experience. Notice this lucid paragraph about Melville's

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Pierre: "Granting the subject, his aim could only be achieved in verse. The theme is, essentially, one for an Elizabethan play, in which every emotion is exalted and the large movement of blank verse is ready to sustain vast incredibilities. In a verse-drama Melville would have achieved what he needs but cannot achieve—remoteness; his desperate imagination, hanging above and apart from a creeping reality, might have taken on another reality, that of the poetry which is as real, as remote, and as necessary as the sun. But the faculty was denied to him—and he failed as clearly as his hero failed, and as greatly."

On the other hand, these new "Lives" display some marked differences from their precursors. Gone is the leisurely personal estimate, the academic calm of mood, the relatively Victorian but whimsical stateliness, of certain older English Men of Letters. The younger writers have caught something of the contemporary novelist's interest in definiteness of outline. It is a reasonable assumption that if one of them were to write the story of Pater we should get, perhaps, a less well written book than Benson's, but a clearer vision of the man and a more vivid impression of his work. Our time is less romantic and much more philosophical in its attitude toward literature than its immediate forbears were. Léon Daudet paused recently to declare that letters and philosophy are "même chose." Perhaps they are. But with one exception, this new appeal to philosophy does not seem to have improved style.

That exception is Mr. Osbert Burdett. Readers generally do not seem to have realized as yet how very fine a critic this student of Coventry Patmore and the Beardsley period has proved to be. His William Blake is rich with fine speculative paragraphs, one dealing with the perennial problem of romantic and classical art being particularly notable; but it grips the subject in hand firmly, with a lucid reasonableness that is almost always convincing. He says of Poetical Sketches: "Perhaps only a poet who had read no fine literature but as a child reads could have written such things: there is in them an innocence of heart that is not to be found in Shakespeare." But he adds the no less pertinent remark: "I have contented myself with such perfect things as Morning, for a long study of the interpretations of the difficult lyrics has left me convinced that no intellectual interpretation is satisfactory and that all attempts are much duller than the poems themselves." Thus, I think, a distinction is gained for criticism, quite as valuable in its own way as Mr. Symons' diligent gathering of facts about Blake. No less valuable, though more debatable, is the conclusion arrived at concerning the Prophetical Books. Mr. Burdett demonstrates by excellent reflection his right to say of them: "Blake made an idol of idiosyncrasy. He elevated his limitations into intellectual dogmas." If this does not succeed in drying up the sources from which future muddled interpretations will proceed (and nothing could dry them up) it nevertheless seems to furnish the normal man with an authentic verdict.

Such verdicts are, obviously, the goals toward which the various volumes proceed. All have honorable and refreshing qualities. But it is best to commend, here at the conclusion, the bravery and openness of mind with which the American biographies have been written. Mr. Freeman's Melville may not be the final book about Melville, but it provides a discriminating discussion of this great, irregular man, and it carries on without a trace of that British stuffiness so many have deplored in the past. One may earnestly cherish the hope that the remaining volumes will be equally distinguished, and at the same time derive from what has already been done the comforting reflection that contemporary criticism is neither decadent nor dull, but alert and impressively aggressive.

COMMUNICATIONS

MORALITY AND THE LAW

Madison, Wis.

TO the Editor:—I have read with great interest your editorial, in your issue of March 30, upon the problem of raising the standards for admission to the bar, which editorial was, I presume, occasioned by the recent hearing on this matter before the New York Court of Appeals.

I am sure that those who are advocating better intellectual attainments for admission to the bar are not suffering under any delusion that the adoption of such standards will immediately revolutionize the character of our lawyers or the administration of justice. They believe, however, that modern conditions which confront the lawyer require something more than the mere equivalent of a high-school education, plus a few years of law study wherever the student feels inclined to pursue that study. They also believe that with these improved intellectual standards, there will be, incidentally, a decided improvement in the moral standards of the average person admitted to the bar.

I think, however, there is one mistaken assumption which runs through the comment in your editorial. One reading it would obtain the idea that the main feature, if not the only part of the program for higher bar admission standards, is a requirement that the candidate have studied in college. In fact, the recommendations of the American Bar Association only mention college study as incidental to the main feature of the proposed improvement in standards.

This main feature is that the candidate for admission to the bar graduate from a law school having at least certain standards. One of these standards for such a school is an entrance requirement of at least two years' study in college. There are, however, other standards for such a school which are equally insisted upon by the Council on Legal Education of the American Bar Association before approving a school. Among these are a minimum length of course and a certain number of full-time teachers.

The recommendations of the American Bar Association were not formulated because of any theoretical preference for the additional book-learning which might be obtained from two years' college study. The investigation made by the committee that formulated these recommendations showed that the undesirable members of the bar, those with whom the grievance committees of the bar associations had to deal, came to the bar almost entirely from study in law offices or from low standard law schools. While, of course, it did not appear that no graduates of the better law schools had ever acted in such a way as to bring discredit upon the profession, the number of such graduates who had so acted was so small as to indicate a very marked advantage upon the moral as well as the intellectual side for the better schools.

The committee further found that such schools were tending toward certain standards, and it tried to formulate the standards to be recommended by the American Bar Association upon the experience of such law schools. The result was the recommendation which I have above described.

The moral advantages of such a training are to be found, not in the additional intellectual equipment which it affords, but in the association with a body of students shown by experience to have better moral standards, and with a faculty devoting itself primarily to the teaching of law. One possible standard for law schools not mentioned in the recommendations of the American Bar Association, but included in the resolu-

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tions of the Conference of Bar Associations held in Washington in 1922, which endorsed recommendations of the American Bar Association, is that a school which has the right to prepare students for admission to the bar should not be conducted for the commercial profit of those connected with it. I think that those who are doing more to lower the moral standards of the bar than anyone else are those who conduct law schools at a profit of so much per head. Such persons usually make the matter somewhat worse, if possible, by posing as disinterested friends of the poor young man who desires to become a lawyer. What they are doing, in fact, is frequently inducing the students who might otherwise obtain a proper preparation for the bar, to attend their low-grade schools, while at the same time lining their own pockets from the profits.

JOHN B. SANBORN,
Secretary, Council of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar, American Bar Association.

STATE RIGHTS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—One paragraph in particular in The Commonweal of January 26, advocating the enlargement of state rights, would invite discussion, as it infers that our federal government has invaded the domain reserved for the state. Since prohibition, marked sentiment of this kind has appeared and it would seem to be inspired by the outraged feelings of a drooping wet. But Governor Ritchie and some who agree with him in his stand against prohibition have no more reason for feeling discouraged than had advocates of prohibition for many years prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, for laws can be unmade in the same orderly way in which they were made.

Attention is here drawn to the theory of enhanced state rights—whether there would be an improvement of our government by a step of this kind? Certainly there would be no guarantee that the aggregate of disappointed would be less. It could readily be more and just as clamorous.

Governor Ritchie would settle the liquor question by allowing each state to make its own laws concerning liquor. This was exactly the situation before prohibition, and the resultant evils led to a constitutional amendment. It is not hard to picture forty-eight states of varying degree of wetness or dryness trying to solve the problem alone—with bootlegging in and between the states and the whole issue the football of politics. It is useless to try to find a solution of the liquor question that would exclude the pill of enforcement. For wet or dry, to be sincere, must profess an honest belief in a willing effort to minimize the evil of drink which has a tendency to grow unless constantly restricted; and to the partisan politics and oftentimes corruption of individual states is no place to leave a question of this kind; the states have rightly delegated their difficulty to our national government to solve in unison. There has been no invasion by the federal government of any domain that should be reserved for the state.

Speaking merely of the principle of state rights—surely the fathers of our Constitution builded wisely when rights were reserved to state and national governments in the specific manner of our Constitution. States are still making a plentitude of laws. History has not always proved the wisdom of some of them. Our colonial states were anything but an example of fair play and tolerance, and even Governor Ritchie's state strayed from the good path of its founders and passed laws unfair and discriminating in a matter so dear as religious belief. And other states have done likewise—without need of mentioning any specific instances because they are well known and even recent.

Considering the history of this country, it is hardly possible to mention a national law or constitutional amendment in which our government has not shown a marked degree of tolerance and justice. The reason for faith in our federal government is plain. There is more to fear in the sweep of unfair and popular notions in the several states than there is in the slower processes of the federal government with its Congress, Senate, President, and Supreme Court.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

OUR PERJURED GLOBE

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—The Prevalence of Perjury, by Mark O. Shriver in The Commonweal of April 6, is very good reading matter—no more.

I have been in the United States Court at Baltimore during many cases, and heard the very solemn recitation of the oath—as Mr. Shriver describes very truly—but I am quite certain there is just as much "perjury" in that court as there is in any of the other courts where the recitation of the oath may not be so solemn.

It is to the closing paragraph of Mr. Shriver's article that I enter exception:

"The godless schools have done their work well and there is startling lack of faith on every side. Millions do not believe in a Being Who rules the universe, and Who will hold them responsible for their acts, and reward or punish therefor as justice dictates."

I picked up The Commonweal at the Pratt Library Reading Room as a kind of recreation after having just carefully studied the trial of Galileo and its verdict. Very probably, most of the readers of The Commonweal will consider it foolish for anyone to hark back to that trial. But why not face the truth fully and directly? What sense is there in blaming "godless schools" when the fact is that the theory of the earth as a spinning, speeding, spiraling globe, lopsided, with two-thirds water surface, and monkey-men all around it, and with its billions of miles and years—all that is just what the verdict in the Galileo trial said it was, false, pagan, heretical?

Let those who decry the "agnosticism of so large a proportion of the people" wake up to the fact that the globe theory denies the Bible, denies Christianity, and that it is responsible, not only for the prevalence of perjury, but for all the pagan practices prevailing today.

W. V. LYONS.

THE BACKWARD CHILD

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—America has two important articles (March 19 and March 26) on the "backward child."

The Catholic Women's Council of San Francisco has established a "home" for backward children. Before both these events, a school was established under Benedictine Sisters, at Brookland, D. C. (Saint Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts) under the direction of Dr. Thomas Vernor Moore, M. D. (O.S.B.) who was nationally known among psychiatrical specialists before he entered the order.

Saint Gertrude's Guild was formed to assist Dr. Moore in his plan to put the meeting of the problem of the backward child by Catholics upon a scientific basis, by the medium of small school units, in which each child may receive special attention, and in which, also, special teachers may be trained.

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Father Blakeley, in his appeal for interest in this matter of the backward child, so preëminently a Catholic problem, says: "In the heartrending problems which teachers and school authorities daily face—and almost daily fail to solve—many Catholics have no interest whatever." That is perfectly true, and there are many reasons for it. One of them may be the fact that prelates, clergy, and sisterhoods in their teaching office are more immediately aware of the existence of this menace than is the general comfortable public. Naturally, as part of their teaching office they take the initiative in meeting it. The laity defers to their leadership—and seeing no rôle for themselves therein but the raising of funds, are content to do that when the need is placed imperatively before them, and unconsciously place upon the clergy an added burden which does not belong there. The present movement has been initiated as a lay movement, and lay movements under our present conditions are notoriously likely to overlap and waste valuable energy. It is based, in Washington, upon scientific knowledge and experience by one of the most eminent psychiatrists in the country.

Is it not an excellent opportunity for nation-wide lay coöperation in a very Catholic work, a unique work in America—a most valuable experiment in that development of lay thought which is so urgently invited by our bishops and which is so essential to the ideal functioning of the Church?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

PROBLEMS OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Bridgeport, Conn.

TO the Editor:—When Mr. Fiša says, "if they [intricate problems] are dealt with by all interested parties in a spirit of mutual tolerance, understanding and loyalty," he expresses just what all admirers of the Czech and Slovak people hope for. 'Tis a consummation devoutly wished for by all honest Czechs and Slovaks. Monsignor Hlinka asks for nothing more.

Will this be realized? Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, in his book, Essays on Nationalism, says: "The mere fact that the large majority of Czechs and Slovaks have remained in communion with Rome and have refused to join the national church has not deterred the government from persevering in a campaign of persecution and intolerance against the Catholic Church." The Separatists say that this is absolutely true.

Recently we read in the daily papers that the Czecho-Slovakian government gave a gift to a certain church in New York City. This generous expression of good will on the part of the government toward this church has caused the editor of The Obrana to raise his eyebrows and ask, "How come?" (March 22, 1927). Perhaps the editor may find the answer to his question in the quotation taken from Professor Hayes's book.

This, too, is my last communication in regard to the so-called "obviously erroneous statements" which Mr. Fiša attributes to The Commonweal.

JOSEPH A. S. SCRIBNER.

A PLEA FOR REALISM

Huntington, Ind.

TO the Editor:—It is not my desire to prolong a controversy in your columns; but since Father Raymond Vernimont of Denton, Texas, has come to the assistance of Mr. Denis A. McCarthy of Boston, Massachusetts, on the subject of The Mercury School and Methodists, allow me to ask if these two gentlemen are not attempting to set up a false criterion.

Both of these gentlemen seem to miss the point altogether, and it is not at all a case of imitating or not imitating Christ. It is a reviewer's business to tell his readers something about the book he is reviewing, and it is not allowable for him to be concerned with the possible reactions of those who may be interested in keeping from the general public all knowledge of the fact that such a book exists.

I have explained that my intention was to give your readers an idea of the style and contents of the book, Up from Methodism. When keeping "dignified and sweet," in order not to "alienate them from us," is a reviewer's first purpose, he may succeed in pleasing the sect mentioned (especially if he goes out of the way to attack the book to which they object) but he is unfaithful to the truth.

Father Vernimont and Mr. McCarthy are referred to the article on Orestes A. Brownson in the Catholic Encyclopedia. Catholic fears of "alienating" somebody do not always succeed in their avowed object. They more often cause the supposedly sensitive "separated brother" to mock at Catholic cowardice, the while he rejoices to know that Catholics have little or no confidence in the power of their message.

ROBERT R. HULL.

"TWO RELIGIONS" OF ANGLICANISM

Menton, France.

TO the Editor:—A letter written by Marion Pharo Hillard on Anglo-Catholicism in a recent number of The Commonweal has just been brought to my attention. If a possible convert to Rome happened to read that letter, and then to reflect on it as he assisted at an Anglo-Catholic Mass, he would be likely to conclude that he himself could never risk being brought to such a repudiation of what is available in Anglicanism. Something must be wrong in any system or any "life" which leads to such disloyalty to what has been received before. The letter hardly shows that peace which comes with present inner satisfaction, nor that fairness which springs from even moderate charity. In spite of the writer's interest in conversion, it pours out a good deal of energy against a group which, to say the least, is moving very rapidly toward Catholicism; and it offends in that way against the principle that "he that gathereth not with me scattereth."

Let me quote from The Commonweal of March 2, a review of an Anglo-Catholic book: "A Catholic could borrow it with the chapter called after the Mass, almost literally for meditation; and the greatest value of the book for him—it more than puzzles his mind: it rebukes his prejudices while it renews his hopes—is to realize that, although the trunk to which he clings alone can bear fruit of dogmatic truth, since it alone is rooted in reality, there remains sap of faith in the errant branch that bears blossoms a Catholic may cull with delight for a veritable spiritual bouquet."

To Roman Catholics who are troubled about the Anglican development, one may quote as follows: "And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

HOWARD R. PATCH.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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POEMS

The Daffodil Speaks

Old Atlas had no greater task than I
Who lift the sleeping earth upon my back;
I sip a potent liquor from the sky
When Taurus bellows on the zodiac.

When winter flees I cannot be denied,
I crack his shield of silver with my brawn
And raise the yellow standard of my pride
To taunt the frost that lingers to the dawn.

I am the warrior of spring. My duty
Demands that I shall furl the white and black
On winter's staff. My bugle summons beauty
And all the rainbow from her bivouac.

But rains of May, and scented breath of June
Are never mine: I come to conquer snow,
To wrestle winds, and change their bitter tune,
To waken spring, and with the winter go.

A. M. Sullivan.

Easter Song

Though flowers strew the little path
Through time, O God, to Thee,
I shall not pause to gather them
But pass, and let them be.

For sweeter is the perfume of
A rose that never dies
Than all the roses blooming on
The way to Paradise.

And if but stones and briars fill
The path my feet must tread
I shall not weep for roses that
So soon are dead . . . are dead . . .

Mary Dixon Thayer.

Marginals

I

Veronica, the twilight, comes apace
To meet her lord, the sun, who goes to die:
Behold, the wounded splendor of his face
Staining her veil of sky.

II

Low in the tangled forest of the sky
The branching clouds an ancient doom prepare,
And soon, like Absolom, the sun will die,
Hung by his golden hair.

Charles L. O'Donnell.

Primavera

Flesh will be born with some inherent seed
Of hope or certitude that stirs and swells,
Finding a rootage equal to the need
In soil where no disintegration dwells.
There is a Sun beyond our sun which rays
Warmth upon this indomitable germ
That pulses life in many secret ways,
And wears an armor to outwit the worm.

Heard you no instant rumor of the spring
Along dark labyrinths of the mind where men
Slay monsters? Go, and seek this lovely thing!
Serenities of sky are come again;
Fragrance not wholly yielded to that hour
When the heart bursts impassioned into flower!

Leslie Nelson Jennings.

The Name

We make that lovely sighing sound,
A thing too far away,
A word and not the little name
His mother used to say.

Why do we never see her stand
Against the wicket gate,
A dim blue patience in the dusk—
"Jesus, come home. It's late."

Or in a dust of silver drops,
When eaves are crying eyes,
"Jesus, the rain has made you grow.
You soon will touch the skies."

Eileen Duggan.

Monica at Communion

Once again I come alone,
Touch Your hand with hands of stone,
Bitterly sit down to Bread,
Knowing he is never fed.

Wine, archangels may not taste
I consume with barbarous haste.
Your most graceless guest am I
Thinking how his throat is dry.

God, forgive ingratitude!
Tell Your angels I am rude,
Mannerless, because of pain.
(Will he eat with us again?)

Mary H. Dwyer.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Spread Eagle

YOU might say that George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, the authors of Spread Eagle, had tried, judiciously, to clip the outer feathers of the symbolic American bird, only to discover that the eagle is not so ugly a bird after all. At least, one gathers very strongly from this—at times—most searing satire, that the authors did not have quite the courage or conviction to carry through their original theme, and so left the eagle very nearly as outspread as they found him.

If you believe, as they seem to believe, that interests of every sort (including the Catholic Church) are trying to bring about intervention in Mexico, and you set out to write a play showing how easily the desired end may be accomplished through the manipulation of gullible public sentiment, then you owe it to yourself and to your invited public to show just where your satirical intention stops. As in the case of What Price Glory, the question looms large: Are the authors pleading for pacifism or merely for a more enlightened and constructive patriotism? Are they trying, in Spread Eagle, to show that all wars are conceived, planned and executed to serve special interests, or merely to forewarn the American public of the kind of black man to look for in the specific Mexican woodpile?

The story goes somewhat as follows: Martin Henderson controls large mining interests in Mexico. With the assistance of his cynical and disillusioned private secretary, Joe Cobb, a veteran of the great war, he contrives the financing of a counter-revolution in Mexico, in the hope either of establishing a government more considerate of American interests or of provoking prompt intervention as the result of probable outrages. Fate, and Henderson's charming daughter, bring to his office one Charles Parkman, son of a former President of the United States. The thought germinates in Cobb's mind and rapidly spreads to Henderson's that if Parkman is given a job at one of Henderson's Mexican mines, revolutionary bullets might cross his path, and that a President's murdered son would be more than enough to unleash the dogs of intervention. Parkman is given the job.

There follows a scene of excellent melodrama in the office shack of the Spread Eagle Mining Company at Mercedes, Mexico. Here the authors forsake all satire for the pure drama of Parkman's murder and the shooting of the one woman—the consumptive wife of a previously murdered bookkeeper—who still remains. Written, acted, and directed with admirable restraint and cleverly timed suspense, this scene is one of the best of its kind I have ever watched, engrossing, stern, and mordant.

Then the fireworks start. Before the curtain appears the manager of the theatre, to read a proclamation from the War Department, calling on all the reserve officers and enlisted men to report at once, offering them the service of the lobby telephones, and assuring them, with deep emotion, that "we are all behind you, boys!" The curtain rises on the broadcasting room of a radio station. The reading of the rising stock-market quotations is interrupted for an excited announcer, reporting the unanimous vote of Congress for immediate intervention in Mexico. A motion-picture screen drops into place, and we see a news reel entitled Six Weeks of War. To the blazing of patriotic airs, we see an animated cartoon of the nation responding to the call, we see the fleet in action, the first outposts of the expeditionary force sniping, and then, climax of climaxes, Martin Henderson enrolling, at a dollar a year, as Chairman of the National Defense Council! In the last picture of the reel, he and Joe Cobb are seen leaving in their special train for the front.

The last scene of the play is in Henderson's car at Matamoras, Mexico. A dapper general tells him how well everything is going, and that the holiday is proving almost as delightful as the postponed vacation he intended taking in Florida. From a sentry, Joe Cobb gets another story. The troops are suffering from dysentery. Cobb is no longer the cynical figure of the first act. He is shaken with disgust at himself and at Henderson. Henderson himself begins to crack when he discovers that his daughter was really in love with young Parkman. Then the great irony. Parkman turns up alive! He was only severely wounded! By this time he has learned why he was sent to Mexico. He threatens to expose Henderson. Cobb makes his last compromise with himself, and shuts Parkman's mouth by threatening to give out a fake story of his cowardice in coming away alive when a woman was killed. This hopelessly unconvincing argument somehow serves for stage purposes, and Henderson is left groaning at the unbearable future of seeing his daughter married to the man he tried to have killed. As a last touch, however, the disgusted Cobb enlists, returns to the car, and with the most contemptuous of all phrases, tells the shaking Henderson to stand up as the band in the distance is heard playing the Star Spangled Banner.

Obviously, this last bit is either thrown out insincerely as a sop to traditional sentiment, or is a genuine postscript to the effect that the authors are not pacifists at heart—merely crusading against the deliberate manufacture of wars for private ends. I am inclined to the latter view, largely because of the amazing sincerity and fine balance of that second act at the Mexican mine.

Of course, any reasonable person can point out the dynamite in this kind of satire—the deliberate assumption that a man of the Henderson status would plot a murder to further his own interests, or that a man with special interests in Mexico would be chosen as National Defense chairman. Those who acquired legitimate interests in Mexico, and who have seen those interests menaced, threatened, or rendered futile, and who have never done more than ask from our government the protection usually accorded by one civilized nation to the nationals of another—to such people, the play will seem unfair, unjust and malicious, a piece of sheer propaganda to put them in a false and suspicious light. That is the danger in all satire—that sweeping overstatement shoots beyond its mark and in wounding the criminal, hits the innocent as well. Satire is always unqualified. Its wit has a poisoned arrow. In exposing hypocrisy, it often ends by creating blind prejudice. The closet satirist has been the precursor of more than one engulfing revolution. Satire tries to penetrate to the motives of men. It is one of the swiftest weapons of the human mind. But it is also the most dangerous, because it multiplies itself in the winds of suspicion and hate.

For the rest, Spread Eagle is well acted and expertly directed by George Abbott. Aline MacMahon as the consumptive girl at the Mexican mines gives a performance as poignant and bracing as it is brief. Malcolm Duncan's portrait of Father

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Estrella is also an unforgettable bit. But the chief honors certainly fall to Osgood Perkins as Joe Cobb, as complete and biting a characterization as this winter's stage has seen. Spread Eagle has been called a prologue to What Price Glory—but that, I think, is unfair to the memorable work of Messrs. Anderson and Stallings. Their play was at least gorgeous reporting; this one is only clever concocting.

Lyric Drama at the Neighborhood

THIS annual bill of lyric drama at the Neighborhood Playhouse is a curious example of preciosity mixed with sturdy talent. By no means as interesting as the two previous bills, it still reveals the delightful versatility which this group of permanent actors attains through accumulating years of hard work and persistent direction. It is a vast and spontaneously accorded credit to the Neighborhood group that they can vault the hurdles of time, space and form in drama, of type in acting, of style in presentation, and of swiftly changing mood. Merely because we are growing accustomed to their efforts, it is obviously unfair to forget what an enormous and unstinting contribution they have made to the vitality of the ageless theatre in New York. But there is such a thing as living up to one's own standards, such a thing, too, as a constant replenishment of one's exuberance, originality and power to select not only the unusual, but the authentic. And authenticity is what half the present program lacks. There are signs in it of fatigue, of a slackening of inventiveness or of imagination in research, of art slipping almost imperceptibly into artifice.

Thus in the opening tone pictures, to music by Charles T. Griffes, the dance of The Night Winds is orderly but a trifle dull, and the dance of The White Peacock, immediately following, is tainted with exactly the spirit which makes the peacock less sympathetic than the swan.

The resurrection of the Commedia dell'Arte, from episodes last performed—we are told—before Louis XIV, has this much in its favor: If, as we may suppose, it is a careful reproduction of the old method of the stage, when drama sprang up by improvisation, it has a definite historical interest. But as one of the eternal variations on the Columbine-Harlequine theme, with the usual infidelities, broad witticisms and coarser implications, it loses most of its vitality through the effort to recapture the letter of a lost age. It is a museum piece of the theatre. Once more, how vastly more interesting it would have been to give a modern Commedia dell'Arte, springing out of contemporary life, to have caught somehow the spirit rather than the letter of the past, and have made it live again through showing how eternally the idea may be applied to each new generation of mankind. Keep your costumes; keep your famous types; but have at the comedy of life with the full vigor of today instead of with the archaeological eye of the collector!

This might sound like a blow at costume drama in general. It is not. There is a vast difference between trying to make the eternal present live in antique form and making antiquity live in present time. Thus the Hungarian dance romance, billed as Ritornell, re-creates, in the here and now, the fast fading customs and characters of peasant Hungary. This is a splendid and vibrant piece in four parts, replete with authentic drama, stirring and at times fairly irrupting with wild forces, an almost perfect example of living art. The music is taken from Bela Bartok's Dance Suite, and the story is by Irene Lewisohn and Francis Edwards Faragoh. This Ritornell stands among the five or six finest achievements of the Neighborhood Playhouse in its long and brave efforts to give lyric drama its due place in the modern theatre.

BOOKS

In China, by Abel Bonnard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE author of this interesting book is announced as "winner of the Grand Literary Prize awarded by the French Academy." In China relates his travel experiences during the years 1920 and 1921. He was evidently well introduced, finding useful contacts wherever he went and managing to cover the most important centres, with occasional dips into the interior. In China is a readable book, written as a simple narrative by one who, though a complete stranger, yet found himself much in sympathy with the inhabitants of the country he was visiting. He has registered impressions on a variety of subjects—existing monuments, ancient customs, Chinese art, Chinese poetry, temple worship, Confucianism, Mohammedan influence, the Great Wall, village life, Bolshevistic inroads, students, etc.; and he has given generous recognition to the labors of Catholic missioners, especially those of his own nationality. He remarks that missioners, unlike other foreign residents in China, are strongly sympathetic with the character of the Chinese people.

He refers to the clothing of Chinese gentlemen as "the simplest and most decent dress in the world." (We are glad to agree with him.) He found Bolshevism even then (seven years ago) "sparing no efforts." He met Chinese who had lived in France and who, after noting the behavior of its people, had lost their respect for the white races.

In the course of the narrative, there are words of warning against the Japanese designs on China. The author incidentally remarks that the United States is "hardly less interested than Japan," but he gives the United States credit for more cleverness and for "adroit generosity" in relinquishing its share of the indemnity fund.

An interesting comment on Confucianism is that made to the author by the rector of Aurora, the Jesuit University in Shanghai, who stated that Confucianism had given to some of the young students "extraordinarily well-ordered behavior, wonderful discretion and exquisite delicacy." Speaking of Chinese students returned from abroad, M. Bonnard says they come back into China "less as reformers than as ravagers." He evidently approves of the idea of the young Chinese being educated in their own environment.

During his visit to South China, the author met the well-known Père Robert, who was then procurator-general of the Paris Society for Foreign Missions. There is, perhaps, no white man better known, at least along the coast of eastern China, than this active and energetic priest who recently closed more than a quarter of a century of service in China. "Father Robert," the author says, "is one of the strongest and clearest minds of the Far East. I do not think you can get a better example of the extent and knowledge of the Chinese soul which can exist in a mind that has lost none of its firm Occidental qualities."

He gives graceful tribute, likewise, to Monsignor de Guebriant, then bishop of Canton, present superior-general of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and to Father Fourquet, who has since become the successor of Bishop de Guebriant in the see of Canton. Of these and other compatriots, he says, "Far from being hampered in their apostolic work by their national attributes, they derive extra force from them, for the missionary spirit is part of the genius of their country as well as part of their own faith and fervor."

The author has looked through French glasses at the sights

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that revealed themselves as he passed, but his book will be relished by anyone who is seeking for light on the darkened China of our day and generation.

JAMES A. WALSH.

The Heretic's Defense, by Henry Preserved Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

IT WILL be difficult for the reader who for the first time is made aware of the controversy which was waged in the Presbyterian Church in the 'nineties, to realize what it was all about. Dr. Smith is now seventy-nine years of age and takes satisfaction in the thought that he was not "ruined" by the suspension of 1893, but is "still useful" and has been doing service to "the universal church." As a matter of fact, Dr. Smith never was "dangerous." He is a very mild and lovable old "heretic" indeed, and the Presbyterians could have afforded to let him go on teaching and preaching. He bore his censures with patience and obediently refrained, in deference to the General Assembly, from preaching in either Presbyterian pulpits or those of other denominations. Since his suspension from the ministry, not merely one but seven devils of German rationalism have come in upon the faithful like a flood (Dr. Smith never wanted to see this) and every other Presbyterian minister of the present is entertaining and proclaiming views far more dangerous to the peace of Christians than those of Dr. Smith.

There can be no doubt about the scholarship of this kindly old gentleman. He was associated in the common cause with Professor Charles Augustus Briggs, teacher of Hebrew and cognate languages in Union Theological Seminary, New York, from 1874 to 1897. Of Dr. Briggs it is justly said that he had no peer among his fellows. Dr. Smith himself taught Hebrew and had the chair of Biblical Theology at Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. He also contributed important articles to the Presbyterian Review, founded by Dr. Briggs to head off the storm that had arisen over the critical writings of W. Robertson Smith in the Scotch Kirk, and was sweeping toward the Presbyterian Church in America.

That church was undoubtedly inconsistent in haling Dr. Briggs and Dr. Smith before its High Council and in suspending both from the ministry; for, in trying to vindicate a crystallized doctrine of the church to which it referred as a norm against the heretics, it virtually placed the church above the Bible and thus denied the fundamental Protestant tenet of the right of private judgment. The paradox is particularly exemplified by the fact that Professor Briggs had formally claimed for reason and the church recognition as sources of authority, and that for this "heresy," among others, he was being formally tried! Moreover, not until the General Assembly of 1892 had it been formally defined that the "original autographs" of the Bible were inerrant. The majority of the faithful had gradually come to regard the "prelatical" version of 1611—including, one has a suspicion, the Dedicatory Epistle against "Popish persons" and "self-conceited brethren, who run their own ways"—as, "from civer to civer," from Genesis to Revelations, no more and no less, the Word of God.

Dr. Smith, in stating that "not all of the discrepancies" in the Bible could "be accounted for" on the ground that they had "come in by transmission," had laid himself open, possibly, to suspicion; but he explains that he distinguished between amanuenses and those who actually spoke by inspiration of God. "The claim of the speaker to speak for God," he says, "is admitted—certainly I had never questioned it." This is Protestant conservatism par excellence.

ROBERT R. HULL.

The Study of the Bible, by L. C. Fillion; translated by J. C. Reville. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $3.00.

THIS work, written in the form of a series of letters, was published in French some five years ago. Most, though not all, of the original is presented in the English translation. The letters fall into three groups. The first deals with the nature of the Bible and its relation to God, the Church, and the life and work of the priest. The second points out the best method of reading the Scriptures and of pursuing a very elementary study of them. In the third, the scientific study of the Bible and the preparation and equipment necessary therefor are discussed.

The book will be read chiefly by seminarists, to whom it will be found useful at the beginning of a course in Scripture. It is a preliminary to, not a substitute for, a manual of biblical introduction. Father Fillion makes no attempt at full or systematic treatment. His is merely a personal appeal of a lover of biblical lore eager to point out to others what pleasures and profits await a student of Scripture. By the very wealth of his subject, he is hurried from topic to topic, able only to let his reader glimpse bits of a very fascinating wonderland. Very aptly he compares himself to the chatty, well-informed guides who make Baalbek or the Acropolis interesting to tourists. The beginner in Bible study will hardly find a more agreeable companion than the writer of this book, nor one with a more contagious enthusiasm.

The errors of the book, though numerous, are not important. The Blessed John of Avila is not Saint John. The Septuagint was completed before the Christian era. The Saint Cyril of the Catechisms is of Jerusalem, not of Alexandria. The Venerable Bede did not die in 755. The Biblical Institute does not publish a review called De Re Biblica. The technical use of the term "traditor" was not inaugurated at the Council of Aix in 313. Also it may be noted that the references to chapters and verses are occasionally wide of the mark. The English translation has carefully preserved these mistakes of the original work and added a few more. The Dublin Review is not an Irish publication. The Revue Biblique is hardly recognizable as the International Biblical Review. A more careful proof-reading would have corrected some unfortunate typographical errors in Greek and in English, the most serious of which makes the one hundred and eighth letter of Saint Jerome describe the journeys of Saint Paul instead of Saint Paula. And one may question the propriety of using Francis Thompson's line, "deliberate speed, majestic instancy," as a translation of the phrase, "suavement et fortement."

JOSEPH M. EGAN.

The South Africans, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS, by Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, blocks in the background of modern South Africa, and discusses, with admirable impartiality, the many problems which confront the present-day South African. The book traces the history of the country from its discovery by the Portuguese toward the close of the fifteenth century, to the present day. The story of the Voortrekkers, the early Dutch settlers, is vividly told. They preferred to trek into the great unknown interior, rather than submit to British rule. But it is interesting to note that in 1914, these lovers of freedom trekked from the Cape, because the English missionaries deprived them of their Hottentot slaves!

It was in the course of these manoeuvres "that they came upon the Kaffirs advancing southward from East Central

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Africa." The Kaffir, of that dark-skinned race whose origin is unknown, was, in those days, also an invader; a warlike person, with often, as in the case of the Zulus, a great fighting history. The account of Tchaka, the Zulu chief, surely more an antique Roman than a Zulu; of his brother and murderer, Dingaan the Vulture, who betrayed Pieter Retief and his Dutch followers; of Moselikatze, whose manner of burial excited Cecil Rhodes's admiration; reads like an echo of Rider Haggard's romances.

In 1867, the first diamond was discovered; the old South Africa passed and the new was born. The figure of Cecil John Rhodes appears. "Rhodes, with not less vice in him than virtue, was a big man. That was his quality. . . . The writer he admired was Gibbons. . . . When he sought wealth he made a million a year. . . . When he died, he mingled his dust with the dust of a mountain-top. Like the greatest of the Caesars, he left his possessions to the people." Rhodes made great gestures, could behave magnanimously, and his name has not lost its magic in the South Africa of today, but Mrs. Millin, while saluting the successes, also chronicles the defeats.

After the diamonds came the gold. The growth of Johannesburg from a mining camp to a city of 300,000 in less than forty years, is the story of a great adventure. The baffling problems that beset the young country today are touched upon with such deep insight that the book becomes an absorbing human drama. Among them, the tragedy of the Cape people —offspring of the bondwomen of the old Cape settlers—engages the author's sympathy. They are half-castes, despised by Kaffirs and whites. "Consider his life," says Mrs. Millin, "unwanted by the world, born into ostracism. Whence, poor betrayed being, shall pride and hope and courage come to him?"

Then there are the labor difficulties, and the problem of the British Indians in Natal, which Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi spent twenty-one years vainly trying to solve. But of paramount urgency is the problem of the Kaffir. Here is more tragedy. He cannot go back to the life of the kraals that the white man has taken him from; he cannot advance along the road to civilization on which he is started, for the white man bars his way. Where, then, is he bound for? He is multitudinous already, and increasing. On the successful solution of this problem rests the future of South Africa.

In 1877, Anthony Trollope wrote: "South Africa is a country of black men—and not of white men. It has been so; it is so; and it will be so." Mrs. Millin does not presume to prophesy. She says: "No one can tell yet whether Anthony Trollope was right or whether he was wrong. No one is as wise as Destiny."

E. Forbes Dawson.

Victor Emmanuel II and the Union of Italy, by C. S. Forester. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.00.

THIS book gives us, in the main, and in so far as the detail of the actual struggle against the Austrian foe is concerned, a clear and readable story. Although the author supplies no bibliography (and, in a work of this kind, a bibliography would have been more valuable than the family tree of the House of Savoy, which is given us) the volume is well documented in those parts that bear upon the origin of the struggle, the French intervention and all those phases, generally, diplomatic and military, which finally made a king of Sardinia king of Italy.

The blundering campaign of hapchance victories in which Napoleon III sought to emulate his uncle's victories against the same foes, in particular, is graphically described, and the mixed reasons which led the French emperor first to support Victor Emmanuel and later to abandon him are clearly outlined.

Yet one must register an exception, and a serious one. This has to do with those chapters which, like that entitled The Church and the Nation, consider the Supreme Pontiff in his relations to developments which attacked the international character of the Papacy and its moral and political freedom. Any study of the Risorgimento and the first king of United Italy calls for a historian who, discounting what in essence are details, has the vision which goes beyond surface indication and reveals the inner logic of events. Mr. Forester sees in the whole attitude of Pope Pius IX versus Victor Emmanuel only "fanatical obstinacy." Putting forward the Romans as his spokesmen, he finds the Supreme Pontiff "weak in political science." He shows his lack of vision in his inability to recognize that Pope Pius IX was in no sense a politician playing a game for material advantages, but an archpriest proudly doing his duty by that Church whose head he was on earth, in defending rights which he considered inalienable and was sworn to defend.

Pius IX was unquestionably one of the great Popes and nothing, perhaps, more conclusively justifies his uncompromising attitude with regard to the Church's rights than the present international position of the Papacy, which is a realization of the proclamation of the universality of the papal episcopate made by the Vatican Council of 1870. Without departing from the dicta of Pope Pius IX, the Church, to quote Luigi Sturzo, has "not only not been reduced to dependence on the Italian state, but has emerged from the phase of open hostility with its prestige intact in the religious and in the international and political world."

This apparent inability to realize that Pope Pius IX was not an obstinate fanatic, moved by purely worldly and political considerations, but a courageous defender of principles which he could not forsake, is a blemish in an otherwise interesting book. For nothing is more misleading in historical writing than surface motivation. A concluding chapter summarizes Italian history since Victor Emmanuel's death, and there are thirteen excellent illustrations.

Frederick H. Martens.

Singing Soldiers, by John J. Niles. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN HIS introduction to this compilation of songs of the American Expeditionary Force, Lieutenant Niles, a young Kentucky aviator who is also a musician, writes the following significant words: "My resolution at first was intended to include any songs sung by the soldiers of the United States army, but the imagination of the white boys did not, as a rule, express itself in song. They went to Broadway for their music, contenting themselves with the ready-made rhymes and tunes of the professional song-writers. I was even beginning to lose interest in my musical diary, when we encountered some Negro troops. At last I had discovered something original—a kind of folk music, brought up to date and adapted to the war situations."

Lieutenant Niles has done a work which was well worth doing in jotting down the words and melodies of the songs he heard in our army at the front, even though he has in doing it recorded the unfortunate fact that it was only the Negro soldiers who showed the slightest musical creative gift. Even the words of the Negro songs were infinitely superior to the creations of their white brothers in arms, for while the words of the latter were ribald or at best merely broadly humorous, the Negro imparted often a crude poetry and often even a tragic sense at once personal and poignant. Compare, for instance, the white soldier's ditty, "I want to go home," with the Negro song on the same theme, "I don't think I'se long for here"; the white's lament, though sincere, is vulgar in expression and

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in thought, while the Negro's is instinct with the same sort of poetry which have made the ballads of primitive peoples a source of refreshment in a world grown civilized and banal. Whatever may have been the fighting equality of the two races which composed the American Expeditionary Force, there can be no two opinions as to their inequality in the art of song. The whites were simply nowhere.

Lieutenant Niles has connected the songs with the various incidents which led to his hearing them sung, and in this way has added color and meaning to the songs themselves. Practically none of them had ever been written down before he took them from the lips of the singers themselves, and it is probable that many of the verses were made up as the singer went along. The Negro singer is essentially an improviser in the same way as was the minstrel of the middle-ages, and his songs are colored by the emotion of the moment. By presenting the setting and atmosphere which called them forth, Lieutenant Niles has enabled the reader to hear them as they were given. In many of them the influence of the old Negro spirituals is evident, and in almost all of them the religious element is present. With all his animalism, the Negro proves in his songs that he does not live only in the moment. And this perhaps is one of the reasons why his songs were so immeasurably superior to those of his white brothers.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Vogel Wunderlich, by Heinrich Luhmann. Munich: Verlag Josef Kösel and Friedrich Pustet. RM 5.

Der Gang zur Liebe, by Emmy Hennings. Idem. RM 7.50.

Das Blutzeugnis, by Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti. RM 9.50.

THREE volumes, different in character and all attractive, make their bows to the public under the titles listed above. Vogel Wunderlich relates the experiences of Anton Andreas Weitensicht, a citizen of the trim little village of Himmelpforten. He is, to say the least, an exceptional person; and his highly imaginative temperament, genuine humility, and lack of bravery in the contests of love ought to endear him to many readers. The village has other characters in number. Luhmann deals with his amiable material in the spirit of an understanding poet and a sympathetic humorist. Vogel Wunderlich is a notable addition to that German fiction which blends merriment and eccentricity with serious narrative.

Emmy Hennings is a poet whose work has long since attracted wide attention. Her present book recounts a journey into Italy, and concerns itself to a large extent with shrines and churches at which the faithful gather. Certainly there are many highly personalized narratives of travel in English, but I doubt if there is any to compare with Der Gang zur Liebe. It bears the impress of a soul hungry for light—not merely the light of sunny days which appeals so strongly to northern temperaments coming into Italy, but also the light of faith and spiritual peace. Thus the book has a twofold significance. First, it chronicles "inner adventure" in terms of a sensitive, observant mind. Secondly, it is a very good panorama of ecclesiastical life in Italy, commenting wisely on many famous shrines and noting, with an eye skilful in the discernment of color, the details of ritual and pageant. May the charming book, so well filled with things that matter, meet with many, many friends!

Das Blutzeugnis completes the trilogy which the great Austrian novelist, Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti, has consecrated to certain episodes in modern German history. To my mind, the work compares favorably with books which established the writer's reputation throughout the world prior to the great war. Briefly stated, the theme is a strange experience which results in the hero's execution as a criminal. Implicated in his fortunes, and to some extent his antagonist, is Else, a beautiful young woman whose suffering is in large measure an heroic sacrifice.

The greatest scenes in the present volume are tragic, and so provide that tense and overwhelming drama which has made some reader term Handel-Mazzetti "a literary storm-wind." Sometimes the emotional pressure is, in fact, almost unbearable. I wish those who have read Dreiser's tragic tale and felt its power could read the hundred pages or so which the Austrian novelist devotes to the passing of her hero. By comparison she is a master of concentrated feeling which simply makes one marvel that a woman can write with so much force. Das Blutzeugnis is, like its companion volumes in the trilogy, deeply religious in inspiration. Many episodes have the charm of spiritual idyls; and throughout the book fine understanding of human motivation is blended with ability to discern the striking and the picturesque. Surely there ought to be some readers in the United States for books as good as these.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America, by Clark Wissler. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

ANYTHING which Professor Wissler writes about American ethnology is always worth reading. This volume, like his others, is marked by an urbanity, reasonableness and absence of dogmatic assertion on insufficient evidence which make it pleasant and convincing.

The Relation of Nature to Man contains a large amount of evidence bearing on the "diffusion" question so much discussed today. There is a school which maintains—in spite of the warning given with regard to the assertion of universal negatives—that no significant cultural fact was ever twice discovered; from which doctrine it would follow that if two customs occur even in widely separated parts of the world, one place must have learned it from the other. This, in fact, is the conclusion drawn, though, many would say, from a false major premise, and they find substantiation of their opinion in this authoritative book. For instance, the Cushing theory that basket-making preceded pottery has been made certain by discoveries in Arizona; but that does not prove that all pottery knowledge came from that part of the world—to suggest it is absurd; nor does it prove that the pottery art was ushered in everywhere by a basket stage and a following stage, in which the basket was coated with mud.

We know far too little about the origins of most cultural facts to dogmatize about them as some do. It is the lack of precisely that tendency that one admires in the writer of this book. His account of a number of Indian objects and customs is most interesting, and his facts and figures about the populations, aboriginal and immigrant, of the United States are worth careful consideration.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Current Catholic Verse: An Anthology, by David P. McAstocker and Edward H. Pfeiffer. New York: Scott, Foresman and Company. $1.00.

WE ARE only beginning with anthologies and anthologists: this is the outcome of the confusion and vastness of our publishers' output, and it is a cheering sign that Catholic editors are taking care that our recent voices in American song shall not suffer neglect on the part of the public.

Current Catholic Verse is an excellent compilation, covering the ground of Catholic poetry with painstaking thoroughness and giving representation to the best that is being produced.

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Unfortunately, the editors have occasionally been betrayed by finding poems in Catholic periodicals which have not indicated that their authors were not Catholic. The non-Catholic names quoted in Current Catholic Verse include, among others, Joseph Auslander, Mary Carolyn Davies, Roxanna Grate, Leslie Nelson Jennings, Harry Kemp, Charles Wharton Stork, Harold Vinal, Margaret Widdemer, and Marguerite Wilkinson. We are safe in assuming that this inclusion was made without any purpose of claiming for the Church performances which, strictly speaking, are not hers. But if we are to have Catholic anthologies, it would be well to avoid giving rise to these misapprehensions.

The general tone of Catholic poetry is, perhaps, rather reassuring and creditable than of a quality to inspire glorying or unrestrained applause. The whole world of poetry seems to have fallen upon an arid period and our Catholic poets of today hardly equal the Adelaide Procters, Lionel Johnsons, Francis Thompsons, Alice Meynells, or Louise Imogene Guineys who have recently laid down the lyre. We congratulate the editors of this anthology and deeply regret the demise of Edward H. Pfeiffer, who collaborated in the work.

THOMAS WALSH.

Half-Gods, by Murray Sheehan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

TO WRITE of a centaur living in Missouri, and to make the reader accept his existence and to follow his career with intense interest, requires no small amount of skill. At first the appearance of such a creature in such a setting strikes one as a farcical absurdity, but presently it seems an inevitable tragedy. And one must give Mr. Sheehan all honor for the living creation to which he has given birth.

The centaur appears as the colt of a mare belonging to the Durnan family. Only two of the Durnans have anything in mind, imagination, or education, to distinguish them from a family of well-trained animals. The mother has still a little of the romantic imagination of her Irish forbears, and her second son, Donald, is a complete throw-back to them. Ambition, interest in books, tolerance, desire for new ideas, appreciation of beauty, are found in him alone of all the community—the rest are as dull as ditch-water. There is a person who sometimes comes to the community, however, a painter bored with the French business man who is her husband; there is this one cultured person who takes Donald under her wing and fosters his desire to find civilization. Though he is repulsed by her passion for him, he is sufficiently fired by her encouragement and interest to strike out elsewhere at last, on his own.

Side by side with Donald's development runs the centaur's increasing degeneration: at first playing with wood-nymphs and speaking in a flow of Homeric verse, he finally becomes a 100 percent American of the Bible belt. The community, too stupid to see the wonder of his mere existence, takes him only as a joke, and is not even sufficiently interested to make a success of his appearance as a side-show in the fair. But when he proves his manhood by abducting a girl and joining the stove-circle in the village store, he is welcomed to the bosom of Roosevelt, Missouri.

Half-Gods is a minor Main Street: it follows on the path cut by Sinclair Lewis, but is less exhaustive and final; nevertheless, it is far more beautifully written, brings out in justice at least an occasional spark of culture amid the barbarians, and handles a splendid and elusive idea with consummate skill.

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That Last Infirmity, by Charles Brackett. New York: The John Day Company. $2.00.

HOW shall he be forgiven, this Charles Brackett? He can write of people as brilliantly as Aldous Huxley, and with sunlight and gayety where Huxley would be bitter. He can touch off a character with the swift, involved precision of the school of Henry James. He is of the sang pur of novelists, and Molière would not disinherit him. Yet he has made his book no more than a blatant triviality. It is subway-strap magazine reading. It is kin of Abie's Irish Rose.

That Last Infirmity is a rippling record of the fortuitous, super-suburban, socially-ascending American scene. It is a portrait, too, of Irish wit, will and winsomeness. But crudities of every kind fill it, crudities of speech, of manner, of ethics. They do not disturb Mr. Brackett. He moves on in a splashing hurry. His characters toss off hysteria and ejaculations to the saints. He himself bounds over grammar and colloquialisms, and on one occasion sends his heroine to "a crack hotel." "Fredericka had been planning how they'd get momma to borrow money enough to take them to Hollywood. . . . This dished any chance of that."

There's something rather dashing about his headlong, destroying carelessness. He can subside into dignity when he likes to tell you of a room in an English home possessing a "smooth wise loveliness," of its "hall with a stupendous fire and acres of paneling and glorious stone cobwebs of windows. . . . There were charming-looking people in it with glossy heads and long throats and legs." When the girl, the great beauty, "made one of her slow, long-considered remarks they laughed. . . . as one laughs delightedly at the first utterances of a child. . . . surprising that so lovely and flower-seeming a creation should be using the processes of cerebration."

The writer of this book is alive, observant, comprehending. But the book is as it is.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

What About North Africa?, by Hamish McLaurin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

AN EXCELLENT and timely book recording impressions about a part of the world that is particularly accessible to American travelers, is Hamish McLaurin's study and guidebook on Morocco, Algieria, and Tunis. These northern sections of Africa have been touched at Algiers and Tangier by many tourists who have, nevertheless, failed to pursue the magical invitation of the beautiful and dramatic lands that lie beyond.

Mr. McLaurin has prepared a very intelligent account of the varied regions and of the principal stopping places on the road of the motor-tours that are a highly developed part of the French administration. While most American travelers will very probably elect to begin their African tour at Casablanca and journey through the Atlas Mountains to the northeastern centres, Mr. McLaurin chose to come from the east to the west; so we visit, in turn, Marrakeesh City of Pleasure, Rabat, Meknes Fes, Tlemçen, Oran, Biskra, Algiers, and finish with Tunis of the Many Hues. The section on each of these places is followed by a short historical calendar.

There is no gainsaying the general utility of the book; nevertheless, one must remark a very noticeable lack of color and fantasy throughout the narrative, and a rather strange overlooking of the importance of the missionary and archaeological work of the White Fathers in the Tunisian country and the explorations of Carthage.

RODERICK GILL.

BRIEFER MENTION

The American Civil War, by David Knowles. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.00.

AN AMERICAN reader must warmly commend English historians for the intelligent interest they have recently taken in the American Civil War. Sir Frederick Maurice's Lee, and Lord Charnwood's Lincoln are both excellent biographies. The present author confesses to a lifelong interest in the period as a whole, and tries only to create a graphic impression of the events and the interests at stake. His long-range view of the problem seems to endow him with clear discernment of the vaster forces in operation, but distorts his view of minor elements. In attempting to prove the unintellectual character of the South, he adduces the fact that the cotton-gin was invented by a Northerner but fails to note that the American government was largely the work of Southerners. An American student would make a distinction, therefore, which seems to have escaped the Englishman's attention. The narrative of the war is succinct and well-done. While the book reveals a cultural or sentimental admiration for the South, its hero is Lincoln and its conclusion agrees that the outcome of the struggle was fortunate. Mr. Knowles's sketch ought to prove useful to many readers.

The Life of Captain Alonso de Contreras, translated from the Spanish by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THE account written of his own adventures by Alonso de Contreras, originally of Madrid and by turns valet, soldier, sailor, executioner, pirate, governor of cities, hermit, and commander of the Order of Malta, is now at the disposal of English readers in an excellent translation by Catherine Alison Phillips. David Hannay, in his introduction to the volume, points out the combination in the character of Contreras of the partisan soldier and the roguish picaro: "the very candor with which this man, who yet valued his reputation after a sort, records how he began by murdering a fellow-schoolboy, how he enlisted and was easily led to desert, how he wandered and adventured in cruises in the Levant and tavern brawls, how he took care to provide for himself by pillaging a prize, speaks for him. He did not repent—not a bit of it. Of course, he got into trouble with the law and was racked. The reader will see how and why and believe him."

The Eel and Other Poems, by Evan Morgan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company.

WHILE one may not necessarily coincide with Alfred Noyes's rather rapturous estimate of The Eel, one may recognize in it touches of unusual quality. We are more impressed by the directness of vision and expression shown in such poems as Agnus Dei, The Christ Child, and In Answer. Evan Morgan is typically Welsh in the harsh character of his feeling; there is little splendor and only the tenderness of a rugged nature that sifts through his verse like the wild flowers on a rocky cliff. His poems have the beauty of a Peredur legend in contrast to Gaelic emotionalism. It is not often that Mr. Morgan writes so tenderly as in The Crystal Dove:

"Come, Crystal Dove of light and love, and in me now descend,
Bring me the peace which none can move, in which all treasures blend.
Make what was stubborn in me mild, fast in my heart encase
The sweetness of a little child who would all earth embrace."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The insufferability of paradoxes!" grumbled Doctor Angelicus, "and the vulgarity they foster! When one has passed forty and looks back on years punctured with such flashes as 'One good turn deserves a mother-in-law,' or, ' 'Tis the early worm catches the bird,' one can hardly swallow one's soup when some stout old diner-out thinks he must continue his capering in this style of the afflicted 'nineties. I once knew a young poet—a soulful youth, the joy of all our gatherings—who developed into such a turbine wheel of these inverted speeches that all who knew him fled in terror, while a new audience laughed uproariously for a week at the more or less borrowed tatters of his mind, and having heard fled, to make place for another throng in the following week. His end was horrible—no, not murdered, he died suddenly when an old professor, hearing him begin, ' 'Tis better to have loved and—' shouted: 'Stop, I have heard that before'; the doctors arrived too late to remove the chicken bone from the throat of this misguided victim of his own paradoxes."

A silence, denoting some guilt, fell over Miss Anonymoncule and Primus Criticus.

"I heard what I thought was a good one today at luncheon," the former remarked: "An ounce of pleasure is worth a pound of chocolates." A giggle was overheard from the corner where Miss Euphemia, whom Tittivillus (who has developed a pretty lisp) calls Miss Anemia, was shuffling the circulation cards, and a whisper: "Guilded cages were made for gold-diggers."

An answer came from Miss Anonymoncule on the instant: "Many a bill has been paid through a coo."

"And sharp tongues cut their own throats," murmured Primus Criticus, "at least, that is what the dramatic critics think."

The anger of Doctor Angelicus began to show itself in his flushing cheeks: "There is no fool like an old one, unless it is a young one," he muttered, whereupon there was a ripple of applause from Miss Anoynmoncule and Primus Criticus: "That was really good, Doctor."

"It was not intentional, I assure you," he apologized, impatiently.

"Habit makes the monk," continued Miss Anonymoncule, solemnly; "you bear the thumb marks of your early youth, Doctor. Relics are not all sacred."

"Especially in the case of old paradoxes," snapped the Doctor, now thoroughly uncomfortable. "If this continues I shall bring my grievance to the editorial conference. This is the most unutterable foolishness I have ever undergone in the Quiet Corner."

"To err is human," whispered Euphemia, "to forgive is fine."

"Will you kindly stop this chatter, Miss? My nerves, you know, my nerves—"

"Most broken hearts can be repaired," suggested Miss Anonymoncule, softly.

"Mothering a man may cause him to suspect you are kidding him, my dear," protested Euphemia.

"Many a clinging vine has sour grapes," returned Miss Anonymoncule.

"Ladies, ladies," interrupted Primus Criticus, "Charity covers a multitude of shins. You must not bother the Doctor with your contentions."

Tittivillus then delivered a mean one: "Many a miss hits the target."

"Hardly respectful to the Doctor," said Miss Euphemia.

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She was not to be crushed by such soft blasts from Vanity Fair: she scribbled a moment on her yellow pad and handed out the following verses:

"Don't be led by Letitia Le Queux
To try stunts only Letty can do—
To tickle your boss,
And call him 'old hoss',
Might mean instant dismissal for yeux."

"Which reminds me of another from the old country," burst in Britannicus, who had come into the Library in time to get Euphemia's upper-cut. He struck an attitude, leaning against an imaginary grand piano on a Sunday night in South Kensington—a baritone who had lost his singing tones and taken to recitation:

"Our chemist in old Abergavenny
Bartered cholocates, three sticks for a pavenny
Till the Pure Candy Sleuth
Guarding innocent youth
Scared him so that he doesn't sell avenny."

A groan was heard from behind the Doctor's newspaper—"Water—ice-water, Titivillus, if you would save my life! All this flaming youth and scorching old age is too much for me. I need quiet."

"They tell us to keep the home fires burning," said Miss Euphemia, settling down to her proofs.

"All's well that ends well," added Miss Anonymoncule, "but who cares for remnants?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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